

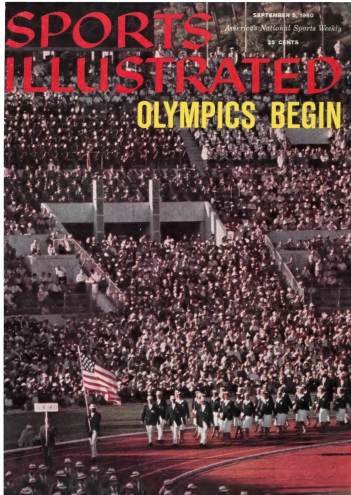
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OLYMPICS BEGIN

SEPTEMBER 5, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS





Style 88045

The floor, naturally, is Tessera Corlon—one of the famous **Armstrong VINYL FLOORS**.
Write for free sample. Armstrong, 6009 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 90-S, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

1983-1990 Beginning our second century of progress

RACEND OMEGA RACEND OMEGA TIMER



Why only Omega is timing the Rome Olympics

Olympic events used to be timed to the nearest fifth of a second. Today, many Olympic records are measured in one-hundredths of a second. That is why the Rome Olympic Committee has chosen Omega to time the Olympic Games... a privilege awarded to Omega at many Olympiads since 1932.

Year after year, Omega has been appointed to time world-wide sports events, including the history-making 3:59.4 mile run by Roger Bannister, the 1956 Pan-American Games, the Asian Games in Manila, the Mediterranean Games in Barcelona, the Riding Events in Stockholm and scores of International world skating, skiing, fencing and auto-racing contests. When time decides the issue, Omega is trusted to decide the time with undisputed authority.

Omega has also set records of its own, at the annual "Watch Olympics" in Switzerland... the accuracy contests in which the world's finest watch-ees compete for highest precision ratings. Omega, in fact, holds three all-time wrist-chronometer records: two won at the Neuchâtel Observatory and another at the Geneva Observatory.

The point is this: you can trust the company whose timepieces decide Olympic records to make the most accurate wristwatches... built to give you a lifetime of proud possession.



Ω
OMEGA

The watch the world has learned to trust

The Omega Seamaster, self-winding automatic watch... one of the many fine watches in the Omega collection for men and women, priced from \$85 to \$10,000. Write for free catalog "O" or "W" to the Olympic Games Are Timed and also literature. Omega, 315 Park Avenue, N. Y. 17.



Mr. Mason Plank assists his wife in determining the quality of wash-and-wear

"Do you think I like sitting in front-loading automatics?" asks Mr. Plank. "But, how else can you tell if wash-and-wear is good?"

Ah, Mason, now there is a way to

tell good wash-and-wear before you buy it. It's simple. You look for the "Sanforized-Plus" label.

Mr. Plank's problem and yours is that some wash-and-wear on the market is very good. Some is pretty good. And some is miserable. Nobody could tell which was which.

But the Sanforized people have invented an electronic instrument with the eye of a jealous wife and a suspicious nature. It is exact, undeviating and grants no quarter.

If a wash-and-wear fabric can survive this electronic stare, plus a clutch of other tests, it is eligible to wear the "Sanforized-Plus" label.

If a fabric bears this proud insignia, it will shed wrinkles after washing, resist wrinkles while wearing and it will never shrink out of fit.

Look for the "Sanforized-Plus" trademark, Mason, and you'll never sit through a rinse cycle again.

Just as "Sanforized" protects you against shrinkage in cottons, now "Sanforized-Plus" protects you against your wash-and-wear.



Clow, Fidelity & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized-Plus" only on fabrics which meet the company's established standards for shrinkage and wash-and-wear performance. Fabrics bearing the trademarks "Sanforized" or "Sanforized Plus" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

Contents

SEPTEMBER 5, 1990 Volume 28, Number 10

COVER: *After Johanna leads the U.S. team in the opening ceremonies. Photograph by Jerry Conke*

14 Splendor and Spleen

The Olympic Games opened with pomp and pageantry but quickly produced a furious flap

23 The 'Found' Weekend

After six games in 50 hours, the New York Yankees are in the best spot yet to regain the pennant

26 Happy as a Clam

In a photograph with the quality of a painting, four very human men go clamming by the shore

32 Mucho Bueno from São Paulo

The new queen of tennis is Maria Bueno, slender, graceful and an all-court performer

36 The Redcoats Are Coming

The British Look is the big man of fall fashions for men and women

44 Part II: The Peak of Storms

After harling back one daring rush for the summit, Dhandapini, the "unshakable feud," surrenders

68 The Tiger in Grandma's Lap

When you see a lioness gaze wild—even just a little bit wild—about him. So says Corey Ford

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 8 Scorecard | 58 Charles Goren |
| 12 Editorials | 73 For the Record |
| 26 Sporting Look | 74 Baseball's Week |
| 54 Horse Racing | 75 19th Hole |
| 57 Golf | 76 Pat on the Back |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by TIME Inc., 440 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL. This issue is published in national and regional editions, bi-monthly (except in the U.S. and at additional mailing offices). Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$6.75 per year.

Advertisements on page 74

Next week

Track and field take the center stage at Rome, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's team of writers and photographers covers the U.S. bid for Olympic medals and world records.

After 18 years of watching topflight tennis amateurs take payments over and under the table, Australian Sportswriter Jack Fildes tells who got what, when and from whom.

With power to spare, Jack Nicklaus has blazed his way to the top of amateur golf. Ray Cave tells why he wants to stay an amateur, and may become another Bobby Jones.





Preparing Brown Trout in camp—Photo by Mark Shaw

For a better way to take care of your nest egg talk to the people at Chase Manhattan

Even pursuits that justify the most complete concentration sometimes get short shrift because of preoccupation with investment cares.

This need not happen to you.

Just ask Chase Manhattan's Personal Trust Department to take over posthaste. You'll immediately rid yourself of such ever-present details as

stock rights and record keeping, call dates and coupons.

What's more, eminently qualified nest egg specialists will, at a word from you, act as your Executor and Trustee, advise you on your investments, or plan your estate with you and your lawyer.

For complete information write for

the free booklet, "Investment Service." Address: Personal Trust Department, The Chase Manhattan Bank, 40 Wall Street, New York 15.

THE
**CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK**



*Every evening at sunset
.....and again at 10 P.M.*

Ten dozen lucky people take off for Europe aboard the world's most elegant and luxurious jets.....

Great Douglas DC-8s with Rolls Royce engines..... Custom-styled, especially staffed and provisioned to bring you -Winged Arrow Service...Italian elegance -Italian warmth and care.....

A new concept of elegant international Jet travel



Your plane: the spacious Super DC-8—your power: Rolls Royce Jets, mightiest in the air—your crew: Italy's elite pilots...stewards from Europe's finest hotels.

ALITALIA
ELEGANCE ALOFT



To Europe, Africa, Middle and Far East via London, Milan, Rome
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Heavenly!

On your face Dial is gentleness itself. Generous with its lather. Lightly, delightfully scented. Bathe with Dial and this same gentle soap helps protect you against perspiration odor all over, all day! Dial with AT-7, the soap for people who like people.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

The
University
Shop



from our
exclusive

dress shirt collection

S.F.A.'s University Shop had these made to their own specifications with extra long tails and shaped bodies. The button-down cotton oxford in white, blue, ladies, men, bamboo, grey, 6.00. The tab-collar cotton stripe in blue, grey, tan or olive on white, 6.00. Saks Fifth Avenue in New York.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York • White Plains • Springfield, N.J. • Chicago
Detroit • Beverly Hills • San Diego • New Haven
Cambridge • Princeton • Seattle



Specially
cut for

**PIPE SMOKING
ONLY
REVELATION**
100 Cigarettes



the nicest things
happen to people
who carry

**FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS**

Kill POISON IVY - Easy!

with E-N Raze Weed
Killer. Quick kill, ready
to-use AEROSOL can.
Also kills poison oak,
many other pesky broad-
leaved weeds. See your
dealer or write:
88438-0011 CORP., 1 Box 974, Jackson, Ark.



the nicest things
happen to people
who carry

**FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS**



You can SEE the
**5 tobaccos in
REVELATION**
Smoking Machine

MEMO from the publisher

A COUPLE of issues back I mentioned here that if everyone in the U.S. traveled on airlines as much as the readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, the airlines would carry eight times as many passengers as they do. The ink was hardly dry on this statement before I ran into another aeronautical fact with which I was then quite unfamiliar. In the foreword of his book, *Wind on My Wings*, published August 26 by Doubleday, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Associate Editor Percy Knauth notes that the number of hours per year logged by people flying for business or pleasure in private planes is more than three times the total time flown by scheduled commercial airlines.

Putting these two statistics together and knowing the active and adventurous proclivities of our readers, I couldn't avoid the guess, and it is a guess, that if everyone in the U.S. flew private planes as much as readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, the number of hours logged would be 24 times that flown by scheduled airlines. Whether that is truly the case or not, the flying of private planes is a subject of far more than common importance to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, as it is surely an activity which our readers pursue far beyond the average of the nation.

But for Editor Knauth it is, at its simplest, a dedication, and here is how he expresses it in his foreword:

"These were experiences that no books, no movies, no dreams could ever remotely convey. And that is why this book has turned out so differently from its original concept. There came to be on paper my intensely personal story about my discovery of what flying really is. Most of this book was written immediately after making certain flights which were particularly meaningful in that discovery, for I wanted to get my feelings into words while they were still fresh within me, to communicate as quickly as I could my own excitement of these early ventures into the reality of the air. I envy those who still have the experience of learning to fly ahead of them. I hope they will find everything in it that I found, and more."

Next week the words of Percy Knauth from *Wind on My Wings* join with the pictures of W. Eugene Smith, one of the great photographers of this age, to present the mood and the experience of private flying more vividly and evocatively, I believe, than ever before.



PERCY KNAUTH

Anthony R. Jones

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Allen G. Sholly, Sports Illustrated, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE: Charles A. Adams, General Manager, Mail subscription orders, correspondence and inquiries for change of address to: *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please send magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Outside postal zone number. Change requires oil as well as new address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$6.75, 2 yr. \$12.00; other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$9.00.

OTHER TRUST INC. PUBLICATIONS: TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FURNISHING AND DECOR, HOME, CHAIRMAN of the Board, Andrew Heitold, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larson, Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan, President, James A. Liams, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brandt, Jr., Senior Vice President, Harold Black, Vice President and Secretary, Richard E. Brown, Vice President, Edgar H. Blynn, Chief Bookkeeper, Arnold W. Calkins, Allen Gervet, C. D. Johnson, Arthur R. Murphy Jr., Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. L. Friedman, Walter C. Fuller Jr., Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey, Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis, Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Glesner Jr.

THE
LETTERMAN
LOOK OF
"ORLON"
ACRYLIC FIBER



CLOTHES SHOWN: 50% WOOL, 50% "ORLON" ACRYLIC FIBER

You'll look like a Letterman in a suit of wool with the added luxury of "Orlon" acrylic fiber. "Orlon" assures soft comfort... yet lets clothes hold their press, shed wrinkles, wear longer. You'll look great, feel great with "Orlon". Be sure your fall clothes have the Letterman Look of "Orlon".

*Du Pont's trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



LEVINSOHN BROS.



10 WAY SUIT® gives you 10 handsome outfits with jacket, matching pants, contrasting pants and smart reversible vest. Year-round wear, in junior, prep and student sizes. From about \$50 at fine stores.

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

WATER OF LIFE

Nashua, the onetime record money-winner (\$1,288,665) who brought a onetime record selling price (\$1,251-200), now seems odds-on to set more records at stud. Thirteen of the 19 foals in his first crop have already made it to the races, six winning and three placing. On the basis of this showing, 10 yearlings by Nashua were sold at Saratoga and Keeneland for an average price of \$42,000. Leslie Corbis, who headed the syndicate that bought Nashua, sold six shares in the 8-year-old stallion recently for \$60,000 each (compared to the original \$36,100). "What I'm most tickled about," said Corbis, "is that all six of Nashua's winners so far were foaled and raised on my Spendthrift Farm. You just can't beat that water." One thing that Spendthrift water won't do is quench Leslie Corbis's blazing modesty.

THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE

His competitive appetite sharpened by the current Olympics, a 44-year-old horse trainer from Glen Head, N.Y. has cooked up a potpourri of athletic events he calls the Spartanman's Decathlon. "The 10 events I've picked," says William Dobbs, "best test a man's physical fitness and all-around ability." What's more, Dobbs will put his money where his muscle is, offers to bet \$10,000 he can lick all challengers—provided they're his age or older.

Dobbs's Decathlon, to be completed within a week's time, includes:

- 1) Swimming: 50-yard freestyle.
- 2) Riding: taking a horse over 10 jumps in a show ring.
- 3) Track: 100-yard dash.
- 4) Water skiing: 10-minute run up and down a regulation slalom course.
- 5) Motor sports: 20 laps around a half-mile dirt track.
- 6) Shooting: 15 rounds with a .22 rifle at 100 yards.
- 7) Gymnastics: 50-foot rope climb.
- 8) Tennis: two out of three sets.

9) Golf: 18 holes, medal play.

10) Sailing: racing a 40-foot yawl, singlehandedly, over a 150-mile course.

Specific details, Dobbs says, will be worked out when a \$10,000 challenge is forthcoming. Meanwhile, he is training for only one of the 10 events. "I can hardly break 100," he says, "but every 45-year-old plays golf, so I had to include it."

GOLF JOKE

"Sam," said a friend of Snead, "I've got someone who can beat you, and \$5,000 to bet on it."

"Amateur or a pro?" said Snead.
"Strictly amateur," said the friend.
"You're on," said Snead.

Next morning Snead was first at the tee. An enclosed van pulled up and out stepped a 150-pound gorilla, wearing Bermuda shorts and carrying a golf bag.

"A bet is a bet," said Snead.

Snead slammed his first drive 300 yards down the middle. The gorilla took his putter and drove 425 yards to the green, the ball stopping a foot from the cup.

Snead hit a good approach shot and sank his putt for a birdie 3.

The gorilla took his putter again, lined up the putt and drove the ball 425 yards.

VILLAGE LIFE

While the big Olympic show is going on before huge crowds in Rome's huge stadiums, the Olympic Village, temporary home of the 6,500 athletes, has become the offstage setting for a delightful little show of its own.

In the women's section, naturally called The Harem, officials have already rated the U.S. girls as the most ingenious (and the most scatter-brained). One group talked a bus driver into taking them to the beach instead of the musty old Baths of Caracalla for practice; other U.S. girls discovered that washing machines can be used as whirlpool baths for tired arms and legs, as well as



RUSSIAN GIRLS: HEAT BUT LIMITED

lingerie, and a ban on shorts was immediately thwarted by the wearing of a teeny-weeny ballerina skirt. The ban had been put on, U.S. officials said, because shorts were "offensive" to Italians. Their first check with Roman men, however, showed the girls the absurdity of that contention.

(During the opening-day ceremonies a dark-haired, ivory-skinned woman in a very low-cut dress stirred a riot of neck-craneing as she moved to her seat in the stadium. "One of our Italian beauties," said a Roman smugly. "Sorry," corrected an American. "That's Lia Taylor.")

Among other girls' teams, the Australians, in their lime-green shirts and bush hats, are rated the most dashing but rank with the Italians as the least tidy, while the French, in their Balmain frocks, are the most chic. The Koreans are the shyest, blushing when other girls see them in dressing gowns. And the English are the least self-conscious, rushing around the quarters in pants and bras and wearing the shortest of shorts outdoors.

The Russians, perhaps the neatest in their V-neck dresses, are also, alas, the most confined. Their coaches have refused to give them shopping money until the competition is over. Lest this alarm Avery Brundage, it

seems fairly well established all will get the same amount—win or lose.

TIP

Is a written diagnosis of its football prospects for this fall, an Atlantic Coast Conference university uses the adjective "great" 19 times: "great receiver," "great passer," "great tackle," "great guard," "greater desire to be a great team." But the report concludes: "Impossible to make an over-all evaluation of the team in advance. Line strength unknown."

VOICE OF THE FAN

"I'm telling you," the voice on the Baltimore radio growls, "that Courtney is the worst in the business on pop fools. He smells up the whole joint. Richards must be daydreaming when he plays him. Why would Richards keep Triandos, the best catcher in the league, on the bench and play Courtney, the worst? Richards has gone nuts on photoing."

The voice is that of Bennett (Benny the Fan) Levine, a dress-shop operator turned sportscaster whose 10-minute show, *Bricks and Bats*, is heard after every Baltimore Oriole game. By candidly saying what he thinks, Benny has brought the fresh (and all but unknown) breath of criticism to the air waves, where sportscasters usually sound like (and often are) paid employees of the home club, and has captured a phenomenal 38.6% of all listeners in the Baltimore area. "Look," he will say, "that Richards is getting \$50,000 a year to know when to take pitchers out. So he leaves 'em in too long." Or "No wonder we're looking for a right fielder. They don't play anyone out there long enough to get his batting eye."

Benny claims he is not second-guessing. "What I say on the air about a play or mental lapse, I say when it happened—just like any fan. That's why people like me." And how does Oriole Manager Paul Richards enjoy *Bricks and Bats*? "He doesn't discuss it with me," says Benny, "and I don't discuss it with him."

PICKPOCKET'S GAMBIT

Twenty-four hundred prisoners gathered on the third baseline of a New York prison recreation field one day last week and heartily cheered 20 fellow inmates who were simultaneously challenging the U.S. champi-

on. The scene was Riker's Island, the champion was Bobby Fischer, and the game was chess. The occasion probably was the first chess exhibition ever held in a prison, and the crowd certainly was one of the largest ever to see a U.S. chess match, in or out of stir. The match came about because the aging American champion—he is now 17 years old—has developed sociological interests he did not possess when he first won the title at 14.

His opponents looked tough. A kindly-looking pickpocket opened with the Najdorf variation of the Sicilian defense; a sturdy outdoor type, in for grand larceny, opened a good game with the French defense. Play started at 6:44; at 6:57 the player at the 15th board gave a startled cry. He was checkmated. Heartless roars of satisfaction at his discomfiture came from the bleachers.

Fischer trotted easily from board to board, lower jaw stuck out, occasionally glancing at the mildly noisy spectators. Cheering for a chess match is almost a contradiction in terms, and the prisoners found it difficult to encourage their favorites. "Hit him, man!" one of them yelled to the player with the French defense. "Hit him with your bishop!" At 7:50 the spectators returned to their cells. The eliminated players, a few guards and a handful of prisoners with privileges crowded around the last board, watching each move with the silent intensity found at the decisive game of every chess tournament.

It was now nearly dark, and a cool breeze swept from the river, stirring the line of trees that screened the watchtower beyond right field. At 8:10, a full hour and a half after the beginning of play, the last prisoner resigned. It was the kindly pickpocket, and his Najdorf variation of the Sicilian defense had done him proud. As he departed for his cell, he wore the slightly dazed look of a man who has just changed careers.

LEFT-WINGER

Johnny Ustas of the Baltimore Colts, who has thrown right-handed touchdown passes in 37 consecutive games, found his right side completely blocked by incoming linemen in practice last week. NFL pass defenders will be interested to know that he switched the ball to his left hand and tossed a perfect spiral.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIMOTHEA SCHNEIDER at Greer Bay, N.Y., a junior at University of Michigan, took a first in last of five runs at Markinford, Mass., over National Raven Chess Sailing Championship, last. At Brevort of Greer Bay, Mich., by win 1½ points.



HOWIE STEPHENS threw a no-hitter in pitcher Washington in all-America amateur baseball federation championship at Johnston, Pa., shut out defending champion Baltimore 6-0, struck out 17, did not allow single ball to be hit out of infield.



MARTHA PAGE of Asbury, Md., was her third straight Maine amateur women's golf champion, defeated sister Penny 3 and 4 at Echo Valley Golf Club in Bar Harbor, also posted the best women's round ever, a woman's one under par 72.



MIKE BLOUIN of Charleston, S.C., a Coast Guard officer's son who perfected his swimming technique in Hawaii, entered Charleston swim meet a few days after returning to U.S., broke state records in 220- and 330-yard freestyle.



MEL GAWN of St. Louis is a 21-year-old who has been picking a lot of her 21 years, even women's all-around title in national ball and flying tournament at Detroit, announced, "I'm quitting my job so I can go to California and make it."



BRUCE GOLDSMITH of Barre, Vt., former collegiate sailing champion, needed a 24th in final race to capture the 44th National Yacht Club Sailing Championship, took a second by title, but lost Howard Benton of Mount Clemens, Mich.



Discover what makes this Scotch the most popular in Edinburgh, Scotland's capital!

*Our taste will give you
the answer to why
KING GEORGE IV
is so favored in Edinburgh,
the capital of the land
that knows Scotch
best. Distilled of rare
Highland whiskies,
KING GEORGE IV
is everything a fine Scotch
should be... truly light
and delicate, extremely
pleasing to the taste.
Yet, even with its rare
superiority, this Scotch comes
to you at a most modest
price. Try it.*



"King George IV"

85.8 Proof, 100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. Imported by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y., N.Y.

COMING EVENTS

September 2 to September 8
All times are E.D.T.

★Telenovelas ★Telenovelas ★Telenovelas

Friday, September 3

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Dulles (Pete, 2:15 PM, Dulles (through Sept. 11).
- ★ **BASEBALL**
YSLTA (Singer and Mord Double change, 7:30 PM, N.Y., through Sept. 11, 1981, Sept. 16, 11 PM).
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

Saturday, September 4

- ★ **BASEBALL**
Detroit at Chicago (7:00 PM).
- ★ **BASEBALL**
Los Angeles at San Francisco (ABC).
- ★ **BASEBALL**
New York at St. Louis (NBC).
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Governor's Cup race, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y., Manzanillo de Lapeyre test, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Jerome Handicap, \$20,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
City of New York Handicap, \$20,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Washington Park Futurity, \$100,000 added, Washington Park at Arlington Park, IL.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
U.S. Champion, Dayton (late Sept. 4).
- ★ **WRESTLING**
NWA, 8:00 PM, Thompson, Conn. (through Sept. 11).
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, water polo, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

Sunday, September 5

- ★ **BASEBALL**
New York at Baltimore (CBS).
- ★ **BASEBALL**
Philadelphia at Pittsburgh (NBC).
- ★ **BASEBALL**
St. Louis at Cincinnati, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, through Sept. 11.
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

Monday, September 6

- ★ **HORSE RACING**
All American Quarter Horse Futurity, \$100,000, Sandown, N.Y.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Aqueduct Handicap, \$20,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Atlantic City Handicap, \$20,000 added, Atlantic City, N.J.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Washington Park Handicap, \$100,000 added, Arlington Park, IL.
- ★ **WRESTLING**
NWA, 8:00 PM, Thompson, Conn. (through Sept. 11).
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

Tuesday, September 7

- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Horseman Futurity test, \$45,000, Indianapolis.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

Wednesday, September 8

- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Lions vs. Marbles, 10:00 PM, Seattle.
- ★ **HORSE RACING**
Fox State race, \$10,000, Indianapolis.
- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

Thursday, September 9

- ★ **THE OLYMPICS**
Fencing, swimming, track & field, 8:00 PM, 1981-82, including previous-day events, and NBC-radio.

*All times Eastern.

A public statement
concerning Metrecal, a new
concept of weight control

Several months ago, Metrecol™ was introduced to the medical profession by Mend Johnson & Company, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products. Many people have since learned of this product by word-of-mouth. To emphasize the role of the physician in problems of weight control and to provide accurate information on Metrecol, Mend Johnson & Company is publishing this factual report.

In September of 1959, a new product - Mometal - was introduced to the medical profession by Alcol Johnson & Company. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problem of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Mineral by words-of-mouth, hence, this actual experience.

What is Metrecol?

Metrekal, when properly used, is an effective weight control agent. It is not a Diuretic.

Mebecral is a complete food in powder form which is mixed with water to make beverage meals. It is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Mebecral contains no drugs.

Metformin can be used as the oral diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual.

ual. Therefore, it can be used indefinitely for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrolink do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight on a properly defined Mennel program simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fast diets, exercise schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And Mennel men are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied naturally.

What Metrecol cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the Metrecal diet. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted

under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss of 10 to 15 percent of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more. Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metformin.

What is in Metreol3?

One half pound of Metrecal powder (a frequently specified dry supply) provides 500 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration. Metrecal is available in all pharmacies.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.



Mead Johnson
Symbol of service in medicine

EDITORIALS

COUNTRY HORSE AND CITY HORSE

We have repeatedly said of Thoroughbred racing that it mixes sport and business but that if business is allowed to become the dominant partner, sport will disappear (and that will be bad for business). We feel this way about harness racing.

Thoroughbred racing acquired its sporting tradition from English, French and Irish aristocrats, and it came here as a European import. Even now, it still leans heavily on European blood.

The harness racer has been pretty much an American-bred animal since Messenger came over in 1788, and the sport has a national flavor that contrasts with the Thoroughbred sport's internationalism. Long a part of country fairs, it has its own set of sporting traditions to preserve. And they need preserving. For harness racing today is sinking new roots in the plastic and concrete of nighttime betting factories and may be in danger of forgetting its old and deep grass roots in the lovely American countryside.

The 35th Hambletonian, the Kentucky Derby

of harness racing, was held this week for the fourth consecutive year in the charming surroundings of Du Quoin, Ill. (pop. 7,147), deep in the heart of Lincolnland. Usually about 25,000 people turn up at Du Quoin for this classic, which is rich in purse money for owners but has no money incentive for spectators other than man-to-man betting and auction pools. Before Du Quoin, the Hambletonian was held in the beautiful and rural New York community of Goshen (pop. 3,311).

The big city track owners have been aching to get the Hambletonian for some years, and they have filled their moneybags and dangled them before the eyes of the Hambletonian Society directors, who have thus far resisted. We hope they will continue to resist. Even the coldest-eyed money-grabber would not dare to put the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont Stakes up for auction to the highest bidding track. It would destroy a fine, native-American harness tradition if the Hambletonian or the Little Brown Jug were ever sold off to big night raceways.

Gene and Don Hayes, the seasoned sportsmen who finance the Du Quoin State Fair, of which the Hambletonian is the feature, have done a superb job of staging this classic. They have a three-year contract with the Hambletonian Society which expires in 1962. It should be renewed. The Hambletonians must not be debased by commercialization designed to feed tax collectors and race-track speculators.

SPORTSMASTER BRUNDAGE

We congratulate Avery Brundage and the International Olympic Committee on the unanimous re-election of Mr. Brundage as president.

The name Brundage has been synonymous with amateur athletics since 1914, although lately his faith in absolute amateurism has seemed to many outmoded and naive. Actually, the line between amateurism and professionalism is as thin as Avery Brundage's skin. All of us know, for example, that the Soviet Union and other Iron Curtain countries subsidize indirectly their athletes and that some of our college champions are subsidized. We are glad to learn that the whole question is to be studied and reported on to the IOC at its next

meeting in Athens in 1961. We trust the public will be permitted at least a peek at the arguments and determinations.

We already have indicated our belief that the world is now witnessing its last "amateur" Olympics. But Mr. Brundage's re-election makes certain that the existing Olympic ideal will not be abandoned lightly. It's a nice ideal if you can get it, and Avery Brundage is determined to try until he dies. Stiff-necked and steadfast, he has done everything in his power to promote the Games and keep them clean. He has defied governments, disciplined girls and flouted the press. We wish him another four years as successful as his last eight, and we are sure they will be at least as active and controversial.

SUIT AND SPORT COAT: 12% WOOL, 88% "ORLON" ACRYLIC FIBER

THE
LUXURY
OF

ORLON[®]

ACRYLIC FIBER

... fall suits and sport coats of wool blended with luxurious "Orlon"® acrylic fiber give you rich looks, soft comfort—new shape retention and wrinkle-shedding powers—even longer wear. Be sure your new fall clothes have this unique luxury of "Orlon".

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

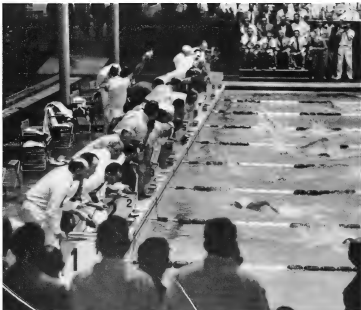


*Du Pont's trademark, Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or cloth in which they are used. Enjoy "THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JANE ALLYSON", on CBS-TV.

PHOENIX
CLOTHES



tailors fall suits and sport coats in new patterns, shadings. Suit shown is a black-and-white pick weave, the sport coat a grey district check. At finer stores.



TIMERS AT FINISH CLOCKED AMERICA'S LARSON (LANE 4) FASTEST IN 100-METER, BUT JUDGES WATCHING FROM ANGLE AT POOLDECK

SPLENDOR AND SPLEEN

by MARTIN KANE

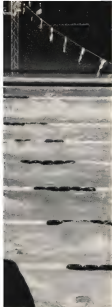
THE XVII Olympiad opened in Rome last week with a Latin extravaganza of pageantry, a papal blessing and firm expressions of unalloyed good will on all sides. The pageantry began Thursday evening and never stopped. The unalloyed good will lasted 48 hours and 16 minutes.

The U.S. was involved in the sudden rupture of accord—not, as might

have been expected, with the Russians, but with the Australians. The battleground was the Stadio del Nuoto, the time was Saturday night, and the event was swimming—specifically, the finals of the men's 100-meter freestyle. The Americans, cheered by a 400-meter medley relay qualifying time of 4:08.2 that surpassed the Australian world record of 4:10.4, pitted Lance Larson of California against Australian star John Devitt, who

holds the world record of 54.6 seconds.

It was the closest race of the Games to that point, 1.1 seconds separating first place from eighth. The Stadio audience shrieked as the swimmers hit the 50-meter turn almost in unison, kicked off in torpedolike glides and flailed back toward the finish. A wave, caused in part by the inadequately filled pool, hit Larson in lane four at the turn and may well have cost him the victory. As it was, he



WULED AUSSIE DEVITT (LANE 3) HAD WON

As the Olympics began, good will flourished amid awesome pageantry, but a flap was just hours away

and Devitt closed in what a horse track judge would have called a photo finish.

Larson said later that he saw Devitt to his left in the adjoining lane there, realized that he could not bring his trailing left arm over in time to touch home with it ahead of Devitt and so stretched out his right to touch the wall underwater. It seems likely that the judges, grouped at either side

continued



THE PROUD AND THE BITTER, triumphant gold medalist Devitt and smoldering silver medalist Larson, are flanked by Brazil's calm Don Santos, who was third.

OLYMPICS continued

of the pool, did not see this underwater touch, particularly since not a single first-place judge was in direct line with the finish. Devitt touched above water, his hand clearly visible. Three timers huddled over lane four clocked Larson at 55.1 seconds. Three timers huddled over lane three clocked Devitt at 55.2 seconds. The judges, as they have a right to do under swimming's rules, ignored the timers and awarded the gold medal to Devitt, officially changing Larson's time to 55.2 also. This is an Olympic record that Devitt will have credit for in the books, because he won the race.

Larson, a tall and fiercely competitive blond, was victimized by the confusion of tongues that prevails at all Olympic Games. "Did I win? Did I win?" he shouted from the water, and one of the foreign judges beamed at him. Larson thought it was a smile

of congratulations—it probably was amusement over his boyish eagerness—and flipped joyously backward, kicking off in a long glide to celebrate what he thought was victory. And so thought the crowd, which cheered him.

Then the official decision was announced. A few minutes later a grin Larson stood on the silver-medal level as the band played *Gef Sore Ise Queens* and Devitt received the gold medal. The third-place bronze went to Manoel Dos Santos of Brazil. American team officials protested *pro forma* but expected nothing to come of it. Nothing did.

It is an old problem to the world's swimming fraternity, which has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars over the past 20 years in a futile effort to solve it. Electronic devices to record the winner's touch cannot be used in swimming pools, partly for fear of electrocuting the contestants. Pho-

tographs do not show underwater touches. The human eye and the human thumb, both fallible, determine winner and time, and since judges outrank timers, the eye usually prevails.

Australian fans, inappropriately surly for victors, accosted Americans with charges of poor sportsmanship for protesting. W. Berg Phillips, Australian vice-president of the Fédération Internationale de Natation Amateur, snarled at a group of American swimmers at poolside: "We rubbed your noses in it. And we'll show you some more before we're through." By the Sabbath the good will the Games are supposed to engender had yielded, at least temporarily, to a furious flap. It was settled, but only formally, by denial of the American protest.

The next day U.S. officials threatened to carry the dispute to the International Olympic Committee on

FLYING FROTH quakes water polka as Hungarian star Zoltan Dombos leaps for loose ball in match with U.S. He

scored three goals as Hungary won 3-2, but surprising Americans later upset France and Belgium, clinching a scullion berth.



the basis of new evidence, on film. They also claimed that the chief judge had participated in the decision for Devitt, contrary to Olympic rules.

The Americans also were disappointed in the women's three-meter dive, an event that turned up a rather poor general level of performance. Mrs. Paula Jean Myers Pope, the United States' best hope off the springboard and tower, got off to a low-scoring start. Despite a magnificent recovery in the closing dives, she took only a silver medal. The gold was won by Germany's Ingrid Kranner, a buxom 17-year-old with a brilliant style. The result was a shock to the U.S., which has never lost this event. Third went to Britain's Elizabeth Ferris, winner of the first British medal in diving since 1924. Not only that, Britain took its first gold medal of the 1956 Games when Aelia Lonsborough splashed home first in the 200-meter breaststroke,

catching the leading German contestant, Wiltrud Usselmann, in the closing 25 meters.

The first big American cheer of the Games echoed off the velvet Roman sky when it was announced that the U.S. 400-meter medley relay team had broken the world record. It was set, to be sure, only in a qualifying round, but it was set by a reserve team and this boded well for later swimming events, individual as well as relay.

Swimming and diving dominated the first few days of the Games, just as track and field will dominate the closing days. But all over the playing fields of Rome, at Lake Albano and on the Bay of Naples athletes competed and trained for later contests, many of them in sports that America does not regard highly but Europeans and Asians prize.

There was, for instance, the dedicated little band of U.S. water-polo-

ists. Its members are determined to raise the level of a sport that has only a score of clubs in the U.S. against 400 in Hungary, say, where a water polo star is a national hero. The U.S. team is made up of young fellows who sacrificed jobs in various parts of the country to take up others in Los Angeles so that they might train together as a team. They were beaten by Hungary's defending champions in their opening match, but they put up a fine battle. Then they astonished the sport's expert observers by beating the French and the Belgians—an achievement that kept the U.S. in the running.

There were the modern pentathletes, who simulate military couriers trained to carry messages through to an objective by skill in riding, fencing, shooting, swimming and cross-country running. They were engaged in a battle that, in their small

Continued

RYTHMIC CHURNING of double-bladed paddles propels kayak teams through 1,000-meter course on Lake Albano during semifinals heat. From top are Australians, Yugoslavs, Danes and Poles. In the foreground: Sweden won three gold medals.





OLYMPICS continued

world, resounded almost as loudly as the Devitt-Larsen dispute in swimming. It seems that the 4,700-meter, 25-obstacle course, run in gasping hot weather on the grounds of Italy's Cavalry School 21 miles northeast of Rome, was much too easy. First of the pentathlon events, the riding, left Buscia and Hungary in comfortable spots from which to strike for team victory. By placing sixth and fifth they gave little away to the then fourth-place U.S., and jumped off ahead of the best of their other rivals, the Swedes (eighth) and the Finns (18th).

Lieut. George Lambert of Sioux City, who took fifth place individually in the Melbourne pentathlon, complained that the riding course was clearly designed to "batten out the standings."

CONSTANTINE'S HOME is historic backdrop as an ancient crowd sees Greece.



"They made it very fast and very easy," he said. "Where you placed depended more on the horse than on the rider, and I didn't like that. We consider ourselves very good riders. We work hard at it. But they took the horsemanship out of it this time."

Nevertheless, Lambert gave his horse a thoughtful ride Friday. He spent most of the morning in a sweat suit to shed weight. By noon he had lost five pounds and was down to 176. His ride helped give the U.S. 3,228 points, behind Mexico's 3,398, Argentina's 3,369 and Poland's 3,315. After the weekend, with a strong showing in fencing and shooting, the U.S. was in second place, only 164 points behind Hungary's 8,814, and Russia was in fifth.

In the more familiar world of basketball, the U.S. team reared off to easy decisions over Japan, Italy and Hungary, while Brazil hustled the

strong Russian team off the Palazzo dello Sport court with a surprising 58-54 victory.

In most phases of the early Games, however, the U.S. was doing, as expected, less than well. Greco-Roman wrestling is not the American dish of tea. When an American gets into a canoe he usually takes along a girl and a six-pack. But in track and field, reserved for the closing days of the Games, U.S. partisans saw their best hope of a cluster of medals. Their opponents saw it much the same way and scouted them accordingly.

The U.S. track team arrived in Rome from Bern after a 18-hour hot train ride. Tired and listless, they recovered both spirits and form in a few days. Al Oerter, defending champion in the discus, had two practice throws over the world record of 196 feet 4½ inches, reaching 200 in the first throw, 203 in the second. Bill

Alley, world record holder in the javelin, had trouble adjusting to the mandatory Olympic javelin but learned by watching Janusz Sidlo, the very good Polish thrower, at Bern.

Confidence bubbled almost everywhere in the U.S. ranks. The Germans hoped to beat sprinter Ray Norton with their Armin Hary, whose flat 10 seconds for the 100 meters was ratified as a world record only last week. But Norton thought otherwise. Interviewed for the German television network, Norton was asked if he expected to win any gold medals. "Three," he said. "Three?" asked the announcer, surprised. Then he explained in an aside to his viewers that "the Americans are very informal, and you must not think this young man immodest." Turning back to Norton, he asked, "Which events?" "The 100, 200 and the sprint relay," Norton told him.

continued

Roman wrestling in the 1,600-year-old ruins of massive Basilica di Massenzio.

MUSOLINI'S HOME, selected in the Stadio del Marcial for which he ordered 60 white marble statues as decorations, in scene of field hockey match between Poland and Japan.





FIRST GOLD MEDALIST for U.S., California's Gary Tobian won three-meter springboard diving title. Above: he brings hands together for smooth entry into water.

OLYMPICS continued

John Thomas, our presumably unbeatable high jumper, put on a special exhibition for the Russians. The Russian and American teams had planned a joint workout, and Coach Bud Winter decided to jolt Rumia's Valeri Brumel, who has done seven feet. Thomas jumped 6 feet 8 in his sweat suit, then motioned to have the bar put at seven feet. Stripped to his uniform, he cleared the bar by four

inches. The Russians came running, cameras in hand, and Thomas did it again, again by four inches. The pit was sand and Thomas would not ordinarily jump into so hard a landing area for fear of injury but, he told Winter, "We got a job, we'll do it."

Winter arranged a baton-passing practice for the benefit of the Germans. The U.S. team, which has not worked together as a unit, has had trouble with its baton-passing, but Stone Johnson and Norton, at least,

do work very well in this phase. Winter put them through what he calls a "whistler," a pass at absolute top speed. The watching German coach shook his head dejectedly.

"Thirty-nine point two," he said hopelessly, guessing at the time, well under the world record, that he expects the American team to run in competition.

There was tragedy at the Games, presumably brought on by the intense heat. Knud Enemark Jensen, Danish cyclist, collapsed of what was diagnosed as heatstroke, and died in a hospital. Two other members of the Danish cycling team also collapsed, and the coincidence of three men on a single team being so singularly affected led to speculation that they had been using stimulant drugs, a charge the Danish coach at first fervently denied and then admitted. However, the doctor whom the coach named as having prescribed the drug insisted he hadn't done so and never would.

The extreme heat seemed to have no particular effect on the American athletes. The swimmers, indeed, said they liked it. Two U.S. teen-agers, Carolyn Schuler and Carolyn Wood, won their qualifying heats in the 100-meter butterfly event in 100-plus temperature. Schuler, 17, broke the Olympic record by more than a second, and Wood, 14, was only a tenth of a second over it.

The third day, the U.S. finally won its first gold medal of the Games when Gary Tobian, a 23-year-old ex-G.I., took the three-meter springboard diving title. Tobian upset his favored teammate, Sam Hall, who finished second. In the last round, Hall made a spectacular bid for victory with a daring optional dive, but Tobian immediately countered with an equally good execution of the same dive, which put him barely ahead on points. Then Mexico's Juan Botella, who also had a good chance to win, let the pressure get him. He flubbed his last dive completely and finished third.

A few hours later, U.S. hopes got another lift when Bill Mulliken broke his own three-day-old Olympic record in winning the first of the 200-meter breaststroke semifinals. He clipped eight-tenths of a second off his old mark of 2:38 flat.

But some of the day's yield of cheer for Americans was washed away when

continued on page 82



Be really refreshed! Cool off with Coke! Only Coca-Cola gives you the cheerful lift that's bright and lively... the cold crisp taste that deeply satisfies! No wonder Coke refreshes you best!



FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



*On campus, a man worth
watching will have at least one*

Pendleton

Others see it, you feel it—the classic rightness of Pendleton sportswear. It's the vitality of Pendleton's pure 100% virgin wool, the careful tailoring, the richness of Pendleton's colors and patterns. And now Pendleton plaid shirts are even machine-washable. Give yourself a vote of confidence and comfort. Choose a Pendleton.

Jacket 27.95 • Sport Shirt 15.95 • Slacks 24.95

Highland Robe in Bag 13.95 • More 3.50

At fine stores everywhere



For additional information write Dept. C-60, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Oregon.

THE YANKEES FIND A WEEKEND

In six long games in three long days, New York won five times to lengthen its lead in the American League race

by ROGER WILLIAMS

FOR THE YANKEES, it could have been a lost weekend—and maybe a lost pennant. While the second-place Orioles were playing four games in three days and the third-place White Sox three, an average lead for an August weekend, the Yanks were faced with six games—three successive double-headers. "It's a tough spot to be in," said Chicago Manager Al Lopez. "I hope they lose 'em all."

But instead of losing, the Yankees

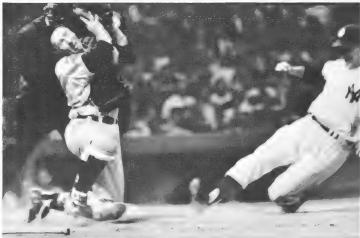
found a weekend—and if they didn't quite find a pennant, too, they didn't hurt themselves any. Of the six games, they lost only one—after winning the first four—and they increased their league lead to two games over the White Sox, three games over the Orioles and moved four games ahead of both teams in the loss column. The curtain had begun to come down on the American League pennant race and the

Yankees were standing center stage.

On Friday there was little talk of pennants. Among Yankee-lovers, optimists hoped for four victories, pessimists for three. But double-headers disrupt pitching rotations, and three in a row threatened to make a shambles of Manager Stengel's. Starting strong with Bob Turley and Whitey Ford, he was refused to erratic Ralph Terry and untested Bill Stafford the

continued

AS BALL SALES PAST CLEVELAND'S RED WILSON, DALE LONG SCORES FROM THIRD. BAD THROW GAVE YANKS TWO RUNS AND VICTORY





BRUISED RIBS KEPT MARIA ON BENCH

YANKIES continued

second day, and mediocre Eli Gaba the third, Art Dittmar, the club's top winner, would be ready for the final game. In the dugout Friday afternoon Casey shrugged his shoulders. "I gotta rely on the club to hit," he said, "and try to get by with a little less pitching."

The Stengel Theory found no approval from Cleveland's Rocky Bridges, an elder statesman among journeyman infielders. "Pitching's the answer," said Rocky. "The big thing is to get a couple of your starters to go all the way. Then you avoid bringing in a lot of guys and tiring out your bullpen." The Yankees proceeded to win two games by ignoring the Bridges Theory: the two starters, Turley and Ford, were yanked near the halfway mark, and three more pitchers were used in each game. The weekend had just begun and more than half the staff had seen action already.

But Stengel was partly following the Bridges dictum. By removing Turley and Ford early he had made them available for spot duty later on. More important, he had won with scant use of his best bullpen pitchers. Little lefty Bobby Shantz had not been used; little lefty Luis Arroyo and big righty Hyne Duran had pitched just one inning each. The work had been done by two of Stengel's least effective performers: Duke Maas and Jim Coates. Maas pitched two scoreless innings in each game, retiring 12 men in a row. Coates, who hadn't been in almost two months, pitched creditably in both games. He lasted just long enough in the second to pick up the decision.

Pitching subtleties, however, were lost in the roar of two exciting ball games. The Yanks won both after trailing in late innings, the first 3-6 in the 11th, the second 7-5. In the opener they needed five home runs and a painful pinch-hitting appearance by Roger Maris to turn the trick. Maris, sidelined by bruised ribs since August 14, singled in the three-run eighth. He took the first pitch, swung and missed at the second ("That really hurt because I tried to check my swing"), then lined a single to right center. Maris made only one more appearance, as a pinch hitter on Sunday, and struck out with the bases loaded. Cleveland handed over the second game. With a 5-4 lead and Yankees on second and third, Ken Aspromonte fielded a routine grounder and threw to the plate. The ball skipped past the catcher, rolled to the backstop, and both runners scored.

Aspromonte's error was just one indication of Cleveland facility. The Indians were lackluster at the plate, listless in the field and seemingly resigned to defeat. Manager Jimmie Dykes set the tone. Before the game he called his players "a bunch of individuals who you can't tell anything," discussed any chance of sweeping the four-game series. Ever a realist, Dykes saw the end close at hand. How did it feel to be the first manager ever traded? "Listen," grumbled Jimmie, "I may be the first to go twice in one year."

Next day the Stengel and Bridges theories played in perfect harmony. The Yanks got that little extra from the hitters, those good games from the starters, and two more victories, 7-4

and 3-6. But there were strong overtones from another theorist, Yankee Coach Ralph Houk. "When you sit here every day," Houk told young Bill Stafford before the first game, "you learn one thing—the guys that get behind the count are the guys that get hurt. Get ahead of those damned hitters and stay there." Stafford, a gawky right-hander, started out by falling behind on the hitters and on the score, too. He settled down quickly, though, and plowed through 9th heat for eight innings. Leading 7-2 with one out in the ninth, he ran into trouble. Terry Kubek kicked an easy ground ball and Bob Cerv dropped an even easier fly. When Bubba Phillips doubled to score both runners, Stengel bunched out of the dugout. To the crowd's displeasure he took out Stafford and brought in Arroyo. "Hell, it wasn't the kid's fault," Casey said later over a glass of ginger ale. "He still had good stuff and he wasn't too tired. But I was afraid those errors would rattle him and first thing you know we'd really be in trouble."

Found a complete game

After two failures and a near miss, the pitching staff got what it needed most—a complete game. Mixing a live fast ball and a halfspeed curve, Ralph Terry breezed to a two-hit victory. He retired the first 13 men he faced and didn't give up a hit until the seventh inning.

Between games on Saturday, Moose Skowron was honored by the Loyal Order of Moose. Between games the night before he had been honored by the Polish-American Falcons. This combination, ventured the New York *Post's* Leonard Koppett, made Skowron "without doubt the outstanding athletic Polish Moose of all time." Moose bore the pains with solemn dignity, and that night dragged Gil McDougald and Yogi Berra off to an Order of Moose dinner in Bonton, New Jersey.

Most of the Yankees left the Stadium quickly, bound for late dinners and early bedtimes. Twenty minutes after the game the clubhouse was half empty. Yogi, carefully drying his toes, announced that a nice Martini—on the rocks—would come in handy about now. In a small lounge off the locker room a half dozen nudes and seminudes sprawled in easy chairs, lost in an early '30s gangster movie.

A knot of pitchers sat around Coach Ed Lopat's locker and talked quietly. The biggest worry anyone had was the brand of beer he was drinking. "This stuff is the worst we ever had," moaned one player as he drained a can. "It ain't my fault," said a clubhouse man. "I can only put in a few Budweisers. Weiss's orders. Argue with him, not me."

On Sunday there were two games with Detroit. Stengel had called off battle-petters for the second straight day and told his men they could come to the park whenever they wished. Most came at their regular times; they sat around reading the papers, fiddling with their equipment or just puffing on the cigars handed out by new fathers Bob Cerv and Marie, whose children were born a day apart in Kansas City (No. 8 for Cerv, No. 3 for Marie). Hector Lopez came in happy after a night at home. Unwilling to face an hour-and-15-minute subway ride back to Brooklyn, he spent Friday night at the nearby Concourse Plaza Hotel. It was comfortable, he said, but not like home.

Dizzy Dean, now a telecaster, wandered into the locker room, and pretty soon Stengel arrived. Casey filed the

next half hour with a generous selection of animated stories. After each story he appealed to Dean for corroboration, and Dean said, "That's the honest truth" or "That's right, boys." Everyone, except the easy-chair leaguers, watched and listened to Stengel, from Lopat and Berra down through young Stafford. For Casey, and by extension for his players, it was just another day in the world of baseball. There was little talk of the day's work.

Most of the players were tired but few showed it. Terry and Stafford, the pitchers in the previous day's scolding heat, raced flat out from third base to the Yankee dugout. Stengel sat in the shade and spoke of bygone days.

The Yanks could win but one of the Detroit games. Five unearned runs off Gribbs in the first inning of the opener proved too much to overcome, though Coates and Moss again pitched well in relief. The Yankees lost 6-2. In the second game, home runs by Berra, Dale Long, Mickey Mantle and John Blanchard flattened an early Detroit lead. And when Dittmar gave way to a pinch hitter in the sixth, Stengel was ready

to play his hole card—Reliever Bobby Shantz, who hadn't thrown a pitch all weekend. Shantz slipped only once—a homer to Steve Bilko in the ninth—and the Yankees won 3-2.

Fifty-four hours and 56 innings after he'd left home Friday afternoon, Charlie Buyer sat in front of his locker. Yes, he'd have to admit he was tired. His legs were O.K., but the hip was gone from his arm. "But I'll tell you one thing," he said, propounding the Buyer Theory. "I'd be a lot more tired if we'd lost five of those games. When you win, it's fun."

In the manager's office, Casey Stengel was resolutely unimpressed. He had seen too many pennant races over the years to start making claims about this one. Besides, his boys should have had that first game today. They just couldn't hit with men on the bases. Was he happy winning five out of six? "No. You can't win a pennant that way. You have to expect to win every day and start worrying if you don't."

Casey's worries, for all his grumping, were at low tide. For his Yankees had not only survived their lost-and-found weekend, they had managed to enjoy it.

END

IN TRADITIONAL RITE OF FATHERHOOD, MARIE GIVES NANTLE A CIGAR. DEER'S THIRD CHILD, A BOY, WAS BORN SUNDAY MORNING







Happy as a Clam

Dramatically composed though completely unposed, this photograph has something of the quality found in the paintings of Jean Millet, the French realist who was inspired by simple peasant ways. It shows four nuns of the order of St. Benedict, barefooted and their habits wet from the waves, joyfully uprooting razor clams from a Pacific Ocean beach near Seattle. These nuns were among 40 who enjoyed a few days' vacation this summer clam-digging and surf casting—the realization, one of them said, of “a cherished dream.” As a result of their outing, the nuns, according to their mother superior, “gained a lot socially, physically and spiritually.” Certainly they proved once again that sisters are very human beings.

Photograph by Tom Thonnessen
Styling: Paul-John Rogers



A Ball and a Bawl

Last week at Williamsport, Pa., the best baseball players in the world (aged 11 and 12) assembled for the 14th Little League World Series. Some didn't weigh 100 pounds and others didn't stand 50 inches high, but they gave more than 80,000 people a stirring show. Joe Mornello (left) of Levittown, Pa., had a ball—one that nobody could hit. He struck out 33 of 36 hitters in leading his team to the title and wound up pitching autographs. But for pitcher Rafael Monteros (below) of Monterrey, Mexico, whose team lost in the semifinals, there were only tears in the aftermath of defeat.



Photograph by Herb Sorensen



Pasture Pool

Photograph by Mousen Carroll

The Barton golf course near Barton, Vt. is a country club in the truest sense—the fairways are mowed by cows. Only trouble is, the greens have to be fenced, and the fences protect them from approach shots as well as from cows. A local rule neatly solves this problem. Members have agreed that any shot that hits a cow, wire or a post within 50 yards of the green must be replayed.



Copyright © 1994 by E. J. Koronik & Company

Water's fine for fishing... but a highball needs mellowing Seven-Up!

What does a 7-Up highball have that a water highball doesn't?

Beautiful rich flavor! The kind of flavor you dream about when you're looking forward to a highball. The kind of flavor you don't gulp—you sip.

Seven-Up knows how to flatter your whiskey. Seven-Up rounds out the good whiskey taste instead of drowning it out... diluting it... weakening it.

Seven-Up is for highball-enjoyers—not just highball-drinkers. Why not see what you've been missing?

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!





MUCHO BUENO FROM SAO PAULO

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

**In slender, graceful Maria Bueno tennis has
a champion who needs only consistency to be
ranked with Lenglen, Wills and Marble**

SINCE the rarefied world of tennis is as subject to sharp differences of opinion as the British Labor Party or the Guber sisters, it is not surprising that within that embattled realm there are two schools of thought about the reigning queen, Maria Bueno. At the fragile age of 20, this trim, intense and excitingly graceful Brazilian girl has twice carried the day at Wimbledon and will be attempting next week at Forest Hills to make it two in a row in our national championships.

In the opinion of the pro-Bueno group, Maria has already demonstrated that she deserves to be considered one of the few great women players the game has produced. They acknowledge that the volatility of youth renders her vulnerable to stretches in which she looks like just another good club player living on her serve. But Maria is full flight, they contend, is nothing less than the peer of the historic "big three," Suzanne Lenglen,

Helen Wills and Alice Marble. The not-so-pro-Bueno group takes a much more conservative view. As they see it, her quick ascent to the top was made possible only by her arrival on the scene at one of those arid periods when there were no first-class women players around. A pretty stroke-maker, yes, with tremendous potential, indeed, but whom has she beaten? Darlene Hard, Sandra Reynolds, Christine Truman, Yola Ramirez, Ann Hayden—hardly names that will resound in tennis history. Furthermore, in their several encounters she has only once beaten Beverly Fletcher, who, if she campaigned more steadily, would have an eminent world ranking. It is, they say in summary, moving into French-sal language especially favored among tennis citizens who do not come from France's, the old story of *un requiem des arroyos les bougues sont roses*, which roughly means that if you have a good backhand you'll look mighty impressive against players who don't.

Senhorita Bueno's play against Darlene Hard in the semifinals of our nationals last summer was a typical performance in that it supplied both

her ardent and her reserved supporters with material for their separate arguments. After dropping the first two points, she tore off 14 in a row, flashing around the court and hitting one handsome shot after another. The mood of inspiration passed, and from then on, though she was comfortably in straight sets, she never came close to recovering that first fine, careless rapture.

This fluctuation of form was never displayed more dramatically than in the semifinal round at Wimbledon this June when Maria faced Christine Truman in the key match of the championship. The scores were 6-0, 5-7, 6-1. It took Maria only nine minutes to win the first set. In the second game she broke Christine's service by belting two full-blooded backhand drives that actually picked up the chalk on the baseline. They could as easily have missed by inches but they didn't, and with this buoying impetus, Maria kept hitting everything hard and confidently. Time after time she moved up behind her service and put the ball away with a decisive first volley; she returned service audaciously; she finished off the few rallies Christine was able to perpetrate with big overhead smashes or clean placements. She was the complete tennis player, and no woman has ever fashioned a more brilliant set in the 70-odd years they have been skipping over the turf at Wimbledon.

Continued

Photograph by Monica R. Newman

FULL BODY TWIST explains how Maria Bueno to deliver one of the most powerful serves in women's tennis today.

The second set started out to be an exact duplication. After breaking Christine in the first game, Maria ripped off three fast points on her own service. At this point she began having trouble getting it in. It cost her the game and her concentration. Then, with a suddenness that was amazing, the match began to take on an altogether different coloration. Christine Truman, an amazon but a far less talented one than the heroine-furnished English tennis fans (and press) persist in believing, is a fighter with a good forehand and a nice anticipation in volleying. Urging her large frame around the court as she had never done before, she gradually began to dominate the play, aided by some thoughtless shots by Maria and some plain bad ones. Christine ultimately pulled the set out. Maria seemed bewildered.

She lost the first game of the third set, serving poorly. Down 40-0, she was on the verge of losing the second game—and, indeed, the match, incredible as that would have seemed a half hour earlier. At this juncture she somehow managed to get hold of herself, scrambled the game out and got on top of the duel again by slowing down the pace of her strokes. She ran out five quick games and the match.

The search for stability

These bursts of superb and mediocre tennis derive partly from Maria's perfectionist seal, which holds its dangers, but mainly from a certain instability of temperament. No one is more aware of this than Maria. "I am getting better control of myself," she recently confided to an American, in her excellent, slightly accented English, one of the four languages—French, Spanish and Italian are the others—which she speaks in addition to her native Portuguese. "A year ago when I had a bad call on a shot I used to get sore at the linesman or the umpire or the crowd. It's all the same thing, really. Now I have a little more maturation. Now I say to myself, 'O.K., forget it. Let's try for the next point.'"

She paused a moment as if undecided whether or not to expose the thought that had moved into her mind. "It is not easy out there all by yourself when everything is going wrong," she continued softly. "Like

at Wimbledon this year against Christine. Naturally the English galleries want to see the English girl win. When Christine took that second set all those thousands of people started cheering like I never heard. I am standing at the baseline ready to start the third set but the cheering is still going on. 'When are these people going to stop?' I say to myself. Then I say, 'Now I am going to play my best, you'll see.' It was not easy at Wimbledon. Even when I got started again in the third set, all I wanted to do was to win as quick as possible and get out of there."

It is not simply because Maria Rueno is developing into a consistent winner that her name is linked more and more frequently these days with the great players of the past. The reason lies, rather, in the way she plays. Like few women before her, this slender, attractive girl from São Paulo—she is 5 feet 5, weighs 118, and may have the most legs in sports—combines grace and power with lovely, classic tennis strokes. Because of her dark Latin looks and high-strung emotions, as well as her beauty of movement, Maria is most often compared with Suzanne Lenglen, the magnificent French champion of the '20s, but actually there is quite some difference in their styles. Suzanne was so smooth, despite her bulky build, that she gave the impression of floating—floating across the court to the ball, floating right through her strokes. She gave one continuous fluid performance. There is something of the ballerina in Maria, too, but it is nearer to Leslie Caron than to Pavlova and is fused with a supple, gaminisque, athletic vigor.

Like Alice Marble (with whom she likes to be compared), Maria plays the full-court game, always pressing toward the net and volleying position, like the modern male stars. Her service, which she hits with a full body twist as she rises to the tips of her toes, is about as fast as Marble's. (Because she was the first girl to serve with a man's style, Marble, though very fast, may have looked even a shade faster than she was.)

Aside from her set poker face on the court, Maria has less in common with Helen Wills than with the other two superstars. A comparatively large and big-boned girl, Helen rarely moved from the baseline—and didn't have to. No one has since matched her backcourt power and accuracy, certainly not Rueno, although by general standards she has exceptional speed, particularly off her backhand.

If there is a weakness in her stroke production, it is in her forehand, which she is inclined to hit with a slightly cramped motion, the elbow tucked in a bit. In the average tournament player this deviation from the



THREE STANDARDS of championship ability are shown here. After Marble, Suzanne Lenglen

ideal copybook form would not be noticeable. It is noticeable in Rueno because the rest of her strokes are so flawlessly executed. The feet twiddle into position, the body is always in exquisite balance, the racket arm is at full stretch, the other arm is extended right down to the finger tips in the perfect counterbalancing position for the shot she is making. If you like graceful women and good tennis, you can watch her all day.

Maria Esther Audina Rueno was 11 when she came across a tennis book which included a series of stopped-action photos of Bill Tilden executing his famous cannonball

service. She instantly decided that she had to have a serve like that. For weeks on end she earned the book out to a practice court, spread it open to the Tilden sequence and hit ball after ball until she could approximate at least a few of the fundamentals of Tilden's delivery. By this age, Maria was already well along in tennis. When she was one year old, her father, Pedro Bueno, had made her a member of the Clube de Regatas Tietê, a mammoth sports establishment (though far from the biggest in São Paulo) which offered its 22,000 members two Olympic-length swimming pools, two smaller

tial surface she found free. "I must have been kicked out about 10 times when I was a little kid for practicing in the wrong places, like against the main bulletin board," she said recently. "I practically lived at the club. It was my garden. My mother didn't have to worry where I was. The club was my playground."

Maria grew up into a prodigy of sorts. In 1954, when she was 14, she won the Brazilian women's championship. She was a little chubbier then but had the same beautiful strokes. For this, a good deal of credit should go to Henrique Terraço, the professional at the club. Terraço was

Maria preferred to practice (as she still does) with men. Here she was fortunate in that her brother, Pedrinho, a few years older, was generally available and extremely patient. At the present time Pedrinho, now 23, is finishing his final year at Lamar Tech in Beaumont, Texas, where he is studying engineering. He has let his tennis go but is still good enough to have carried off a tournament recently to which all the small colleges in Texas sent their champions.

Special plans for a heroine

When it comes to the encouragement of young athletic talent, Brazil is much like any other country. In 1969, after Maria had won at Wimbledon, President Kubitschek ordered the heroine flown home in a special plane, and there were motorcades in Rio and a special Mass at the cathedral in São Paulo. A new Medal of Sporting Merit was coined in her honor, and for three weeks she was toasted at balls and banquets. Four years earlier, however, when she was just a young player of thrilling promise, it had not been quite the same. Girls of less talent from the socially prominent clubs were given the plum privileges of playing against the visiting stars. Some rationalization probably would have been found for sending someone other than Maria to represent Brazil in the Pan American Games in Mexico City in 1966, except for the hard fact that she was the national champion.

The 15-year-old girl's excellent showing at Mexico City—she defeated the South American champion, Maria Weiss, in straight sets—constituted the first of a succession of small, unspectacular steps upward in the world of international tennis. In 1967, after sitting out all competition for a year while a strained muscle in her right shoulder mended, she spent the winter on the Caribbean circuit. Her countryman, Armando Vieira, who regularly played those tournaments, arranged with the sponsors to invite Maria. She did all right.

The next winter she played the Caribbean circuit again and then went on to Europe with the rest of the itinerants. It was an encouraging year, although at one place or another she was defeated by Althea Gibson, Beverly Fleitz, Darlene Hard, Shirley Bloomer, Janet Hopps, Yola

continued on page 65



and Helen Wills. Maria was the first woman to play the all-court game. Lengua was the most ethetically exciting, and Wills the finest of all baseline players.



pools for the kids, outdoor and indoor basketball and volleyball courts, target ranges, lawn bowling on clay, facilities for parachute jumping—and eight clay tennis courts.

Senhor Bueno, one of five partners in a firm which manufactures chemically enriched food for animals, was a capable weekend tennis player. Maria's mother had played the game when a girl but had given it up. What was more to the point, the club was situated right across the street from the Bueno's home. From the age of 4 on, Maria was over there all the time, patting a ball with a junior-size racket against the hangboard or any ver-

net at all versed in tactics, but he had a very nice, natural style and provided the children at the club with a sound model.

Whenever players of international reputation made their infrequent visits to São Paulo, Maria studied them carefully. "I have always tried to copy a little bit of each player," she says. "When I saw Art Larsen in 1952, I'd say, 'I'm going to hit more backhand like Larsen.' Or when I saw Enrique Mores, I'd say, 'I'm going to hit my forehand like Mores.'" This anthology of collected best strokes was executed with much more poise than most girls manage, for

THE REDCOATS ARE COMING

by FRED R. SMITH and JO AHERN ZILL

Photographs by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

ON THE PLAYING FIELDS of fall 1960, and along the spectator edges, there will be a strong British look. Export bundles from Great Britain will be visible, along with bundles of borrowed ideas reflecting the fresh admiration of American designers for some old English principles. The trend is strong in women's clothes as well as in men's. For example, the famous London firm of Aquascutum, having retroceded its design rooms, is turning out women's suits of such style and fit that they are being heavily imported.

New country suits and sports jackets have slanting pockets and deep center vents, with all the dash of an Englishman's hacking jacket. "Ride-Macs"—short-flared riding raincoats—are being taken up by people who never get near a stable. The British warm, in civilian adaptations of the World War II officer's greatcoat, is a new favorite for both men and women, as are the rugged shearing coats of British racing car drivers. On this and the following pages the new British Sporting Look for fall is shown as it conquers the horse-farm country around Charlottesville, Virginia.

The clothes can be found at the stores listed on page 67.

Before *Rele Kennick*, Virginia stable, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Motch discuss a morning's hunt with Robert Cullen (center). Over his hunt clothes (*Kennick's*), Motch wears a waterproofer poplin "Ride-Mac" (188). Mrs. Motch dons a riding raincoat (234, *Berwood Weather*) with wool trousers (216, *Pradette*).





SPORTING LOOK continued

Championship horse show ribbon from the Motch collection is examined by Johannes Lenzli and Patrick Boshford, both wearing versions of the British warm. Here, a trend fleece (\$110) is worn with broad walking skirt (\$40, both Agnoscantem). Johannes also wears a jersey best (Hable Corneille), jacquard-patterned wool and nylon stockings (Phoenix) and lined walking pumps (La Piana). Men's coat, of 88-ounce velvet (\$175, Chester Barrie), is worn over a chalk-striped suit of mustard-olive British worsted (\$180 with vest, Southwick).

At the Thoroughbred barns of Monro, Wilbury Show's 8,500-acre farm in Albemarle County, three versions of the County Look: Johannes wears a herringbone broad walking skirt (skirt \$18, jacket \$40, from Enzo-Angelo), Patrick a herringbone broad walking jacket with extreme outer vent and flared cut (\$10, Cricketer) and flared slacks (\$35, Dado), Bill Hile a windup-pore-pleat country suit of Orlon and wool with flared jacket (\$70, Gordon-Ford). Johannes's oxfords are Millerkins; Patrick's reserve-calf brogue, by Church.





Absent display of Mornes are country roads and the new compact Jaguar S.S. Bill Hill's knee-length Irish tweed coat has raglan shoulders (\$185, Roden); his driving cap is from Robert Kirk. Johnson's tweed greatcoat has a top inspired by the Isadora cape (\$185, Agnew-Addams). Her bucking hat is from Madcaps and her enticel bag is by Tern.





IN SWEATERS, TOO

On the opposite page are students from Sweetbriar and the University of Virginia wearing this fall's new crop of sweaters—some of them imported from England, others inspired by the British. Collegians have valued the prestige of British sweaters since Eastern college students first started bringing Shetlands and cashmeres back from Bermuda Easter holidays. Included at left are other classics for the sweater collector: a Fair Isle-patterned Shetland pullover from northern Scotland, a typical fisherman's hainin from Aran. Turn the page for other British classics which have been adapted to the American taste in cut and fit.

At Morris College, Johnson wears country and pants 1978, Hines Patey with a hand-knit sweater 1979, G. & N. House, Virginia's traditional boots, Bill's cardigan worn, lined with wool alpaca, is water-repellent 1980, R.F.D.'s English hat is from Thomas Dapp. At the University of Virginia (opposite), (top) and (upper left) wears an Apple 117, Tassie's, Charles. Michael a cable Shetland 1978, Alex. Dore, Jack Weisheit a Fair Isle hand-knit 1978, E. S. Dore, Jim Petty an Irish fisher knit 1978, R.F.D.'s. Below, Elizabeth Maude is in Lord Shetland 1977, Browner, Isabel Ware is in cable-knit Shetland cardigan 1979, Browner, Suey Dore (wearing Lord Shetland) 1978, Dore's.



CONTINUED



Sally March leads the way for her child, Dave Bert and Sally, their pony Carlow, her cat and Hoover, their pug. She wears a misty-pink jacket (\$450), styled after a British House, over a beige turtleneck dress (\$75, both David M. Goodstein).



Johanna Leigh, in Irish knickerbockers, perfect for fence-riding, admires a black mare and foal. The knickerbockers (\$25) are of green checked tweed and have a matching green lined pullover (\$18, both by Donald Davis of Dublin).

Shouting mads are seen by Patrick Bushford and Gary Ball, shown with Southern Alps. Patrick's coat is of tweed and (\$125, Argenteaux), Gary's of olive green (\$245, Samuel Robert). Gary's headgear is by Taro.



PART II THE PEAK OF STORMS

HIGH DRAMA OF A DARING TRIUMPH

One of the greatest mountaineering feats since the conquest of Everest was the assault last spring on Dhaulagiri, at 28,975 feet the "unclimbable fiend" of the Himalayan range. Last week Norman Dyhrenfurth, the expedition's photographer and a climbing member, assisted by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Editor James Murray, described the difficulties the climbers had to overcome to establish their acclimatization and supply camps at the base of Dhaulagiri. The expedition, which was made up of Swiss, Austrian, German and Polish mountaineers, had counted on the use of an airplane to ferry men and supplies over ice towers and crevasses to the advance base camps. But the plane crashed, leaving the climbing parties and the bulk of their supplies stranded. The whole plan of attack had to be hastily revised. Dyhrenfurth, the two Polish climbers and a small party of Sherpas undertook the transport of supplies on foot. They evacuated the original acclimatization camp and made their way across Dhaulagiri's icefall to an advance base camp which became the staging area for the long climb to the top. The dramatic story of this final effort begins on page 47.

Sherpa Nima Dorje, member of first assault team to reach the top of Dhaulagiri, looks across tumbled Himalayas into Tibet





THE THRUST TO THE SUMMIT

by Norman Dyhrenfurth and James Murray

IT IS AN old mountaineer's boast to have carried 25 kilos, the equivalent of 55 pounds, on a climb, and it is an old mountaineer's joke that the 25 kilos usually turn out to be nearer 10 or 15. Actually, several of us carried 25-kilo loads on Dhaulagiri in the Himalayas last May. I am certain that I did, and so did Dr. Georg Hajdukiewicz and Adam Skoczylas, the two Polish members of our Swiss Himalayan expedition. Ang Dawa, one of our small band of Sherpas, carried even more. We were laboriously transferring supplies from the camp we had set up a couple of weeks before on a snowy pass called Daga Col, a camp now rendered useless by the crash of our airplane. Unknown to us, while we were making our uncertain way through the maze of ice towers and crevasses of the Mayangdi Glacier, events of high drama were taking place on the assault route far up the mountain.

On these steep and wind-torn slopes a reconnaissance party consisting of Ernst Forrer, Albin Schelbert, Kurt Diemberger and two Sherpas had been working for three weeks to establish a route for the final assault on Dhaulagiri. Ernst, Albin and Kurt were first-rate mountaineers, the Sherpas Nima Dorje and Nawang Dorje were young as Sherpas go, but tough and eager. The party was working on short supplies, but still they were willing to take a reckless gamble on a dash to the summit if and when an opportunity presented itself. Later, Ernst Forrer told me how, on May 4, that chance came:

"Camp 4 (see map on pages 18-19) had been established, but we wanted to carry one more tent to the vicinity of the summit. Despite heavy winds and blowing snow, our two Sherpas brought us additional equipment and supplies to Camp 4, the highest camp so far set up. Then they disappeared again in heavy fog, climbing down the steep ice wall to Camp 3.

"We stayed at Camp 4 for the night, and it was a bitter night of severe storm. The wind tore at the walls of the tent while we held on with all our might to the tent poles, in constant fear of being blown off our tiny platform perched on the edge of the world.

"After the frightful night, the morning dawned clear, and we set out to establish Camp 5 somewhere above.

"Our rucksacks were heavy—much too heavy for Himalayan climbing. Camp 5, we hoped, would be set up at 24,400 feet, and it was planned to make this the last of the chain of camps. It was difficult at this altitude, this business of carrying loads, but we succeeded in bringing up one tent and other gear."

WE STRUGGLED up a rock wall, then along a lofty snow ridge and reached our campsite at last. There we came upon the debris of the Austrian expedition of 1939: torn tents, an ice ax and one oxygen cylinder were evidence of their bitter battle with the mountain.

"We chopped our clearing for a campsite between two rocks. In this protected location we felt secure. Here we planned to rest a day to renew our strength. Albin and I were in excellent condition, but Kurt seemed to be suffering somewhat from snow blindness.

"Some 2,500 feet above us loomed the summit of Dhaulagiri, the White Mountain, the goal of seven previous expeditions. We looked at it in the clear light of evening—a beautiful, lonely, immensely alluring sight. Would we be the chosen ones? At first idly, then with growing audacity, we began to speculate on a daring strike, a final dash over the last 2,500 feet. In high excitement we made our decision: we would catch the mountain unawares.

"The weather was clear when Albin woke me at 3 a.m. In cramped

and careful haste we prepared ourselves. Three men in a two-man tent, putting on reindeer boots and crampons, trying to cook breakfast on a butane cooker, are anything but comfortable. Furthermore, a thick layer of frost had formed overnight on the inside of the tent, and as we shifted about, we constantly scraped our noses against it. Again and again, the icy stuff broke off in sheets and dropped on us.

"As we stood outside in the first rays of the sun, we decided to attempt the summit in a direct line across a steep snow slope. We started out, but very shortly we were breaking in up to our hips. It was a mistake; there was no chance to advance here. We had lost valuable time which we sought to make up by regaining the ridge in a tricky traverse. The weather began to deteriorate rapidly; Dhaulagiri was rallying against our surprise attack.

"A quick glance at the altimeter showed us we were a few feet below 25,000 feet. The climbing became difficult: we were on steep rock, affording almost no purchase, covered with a layer of fresh snow. At this altitude, the effort was fiendish.

"At last the difficult rock wall lay behind us. To safeguard our retreat, we hammered in a pylon and placed a fixed rope. We continued climbing, and things began to improve. We made excellent progress up a snow ridge.

"Then the dreaded summit weather gathered and burst on us. We found ourselves enveloped in turbulent clouds and air currents. In the dim, diffused light we could make out what looked like a secondary summit. We went for it. A violent storm awaited us there. Wind-lashed ice crystals stung our faces like needles. In a matter of seconds our eyes, beards and noses were sheathed in a thin layer of ice.

continued

"We realized there was only one thing to do: go down. But the climb was not in vain—we learned an important lesson. Camp 5 was not high enough for a successful assault on the summit. The weather on Dhaulagiri never remained favorable for more than four to six hours. We realized, as we clawed our way down, that another tent must be established at about 25,000 feet."

This was the story Ernst Forrer told Adam, Georg and me when we reached the advance base camp on the Northeast Col with our supplies. A daring try had been repulsed, but Ernst, Albin Scholbert and Kurt Diemberger were chafing for another attempt after their near miss. And since the weather was good, they set out once again for Camp 4, where four other members of our team—Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Peter Diemer, Michel Vaucher and Hugo Weber—awaited them. We, meanwhile, remained at Camp 2 to lend aid and support if another assault on the summit should be launched.

On the late afternoon of May 10, still tired from our efforts in bringing up supplies, we were about to take a nap when suddenly we heard footsteps in the snow. As I called out "Who is it?" Ang Dawa stuck his head in the tent. He was pale and shaken. He said that Urkien had come racing up the glacier shouting that the other Sherpa, Nima Tenzing, had slipped and fallen down a crevasse.

The accident had occurred while they were shuttling supplies. As is usual with Sherpas, they had not been walking correctly with a rope. Instead of keeping a safe distance apart, with the rope stretched between them, Urkien and Nima Tenzing had walked with several loops of rope in their hands. So when Nima slipped, instead of falling only a few feet into the crevasse, he hurtled 50 or 60 feet down before becoming wedged. He had almost pulled Urkien in with him, dragging him to the very edge of the crevasse. Urkien had jammed in his ice ax just in time, attached the rope to it and then raced uphill to get us.

Georg, Adam and I dressed quickly. We took a small tent, hot tea and Georg's medical kit and plunged down the mountain on two ropes. In

40 minutes we reached the crevasse.

It was a narrow gash in the snow-covered ice, no more than three feet wide at the top. We looked down, but couldn't see Nima. We called. He was still conscious and mumbled an unintelligible answer. At least he was alive, though terribly cold and obviously in shock.

The first thing we did was to anchor one rope and let it down with a loop for Nima to put his foot in. But apparently he was in no condition to understand what we wanted him to do.

Georg volunteered to rappel down—he had crampons on his boots. We prepared a rappel rope and belayed him down. It was a hair-raising descent. The crevasse was so narrow that he risked getting stuck at any time. At 25 feet he very nearly did and had to stop.

Cautiously I moved to the edge of the crevasse and, lying on my stomach, securely held by Ang Dawa, I talked to Georg. He said he could faintly make out the shape of Nima below. He added that Nima seemed to be lying face up, held in position by his breast-plate.

THERE was nothing to do but get Georg up again. We had to haul him out by main force. We finally got him to the edge of the crevasse, and I was able to give him my hand to pull him out.

By this time, Nima was too cold and too near death to do anything to help himself. We tried to free the rope by which he was hanging, the one Urkien had anchored with his ice ax. We attached a second rope securely to it and began to pull. But the rope only cut deep into the ice and snow; it was obvious we couldn't pull poor Nima out this way.

We sent the rappel rope all the way down to Nima again. We shouted to him to get hold of it, to hang onto it. This time he seemed to understand. We pulled on that rope, and he moved. Then, apparently, he lost his grip and dropped again in the crevasse. Finally we tried the main rope. We were desperate; we heaved and heaved. And suddenly, it yielded. We almost fell on our faces. We dashed uphill with the rope as fast as we could, then dashed toward the crevasse and pulled again.

We got Nima to the very lip of the crevasse, but it was so narrow that by

harder pulling we would risk crushing his ribs and suffocating him. Nima was almost like a corpse. He was blue in the face, and his hands were shriveled. We had to act quickly. Georg came across the crevasse unbelayed. There we were able to grab Nima and pull him over the other lip of the crevasse. We were close to exhaustion and tears. But we had saved Nima's life. Another 10 minutes and he would have died.

It was too late to move up or down that night, so six of us crept into the small tent, Nima on one side and five of us on the other. Sherpas are amazingly tough people. I do not think any of us could have survived.

Back at Camp 2 on Northeast Col the next day, we faced the prospect of still more backbreaking journeys with supplies. Above us, however, at Camp 5 the summit was within reach of our advance parties.

Tension was mounting there, at this next-to-last assault platform, where six men waited their opportunity to break through to the summit. After the exhausting work of weeks, tempers were taut. The high altitude and the resulting lack of oxygen made for an occasional unes-



FINAL ASSAULT route began at Camp 2 on Dhaulagiri's base, wound upward

feasible incident, such as when one of the men claimed Dhaulagiri as "his" to the exclusion of his teammates. Fortunately, Ernst Forrer, a first-rate and levelheaded climber, was able to keep the situation from becoming explosive.

Those of us on the lower slopes kept busy getting the supplies from Dapa Col and the timber-line camp to the higher summit areas. We could only hope, and occasionally watch the van whiteness of that distant stage on which the actors in our drama, tiny specks to us, played out their roles. On May 12 the advance force established Camp 6 at 25,600 feet, only 1,375 from the summit, and we guessed the last push might have begun. At 9 in the morning we saw two figures climbing over the highest point visible to us. Seen through the binoculars, they seemed to be Sherpas. We expected the axhills had gone in advance. This meant to us that the great event probably was at hand.

It was indeed. Ernst Forrer told us later of the tenacious and triumphant struggle that was being waged far above us:

"The dawn of May 13 was clear and beautiful. It came none too soon

for us; the night had seemed endless. We were six men squeezed into a two-man tent, a tiny shelter wedged under the overhang of a rock at 25,600 feet. Tense with the burden of our decisions, we could have no thought of sleep. But when the first light of morning came we were ready."

At 8 a.m. I roped up with the A Sherpa Nima Dorje, and we started breaking trail. Kurt Diemberger and Nawang Dorje followed close behind, and after them came Peter Diener and Albin Schelbert. Our route followed a narrow and exposed ridge, a saddle between the false summit and the true top of the mountain. Snow conditions were treacherous, and we belayed with care. We had no time and little energy for conscious thought of where we were and what we were doing. All our efforts were concentrated on progressing upward, on surmounting whatever obstacles lay immediately ahead.

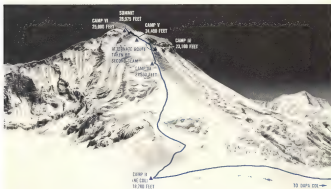
"There were some steep rock passages which required strenuous pull-ups, and we got extremely short of breath. To climb an eight-thousand-er [a peak 8,000 meters, or 26,247 feet, high] without oxygen is absolutely

exhausting. Our lungs seemed constantly at the bursting point. We had to halt after every step to breathe laboriously and painfully the thin air."

Thus gropingly, ant-eater-like in their almost mindless effort, the six men struggled on—and suddenly it was over. The last upward step had been taken; there was nowhere else to go. They had reached the highest point of Dhaulagiri on the rooftop of the world. They raised their eyes and saw no more rock ridges, no more slopes of snow, but only the clear blue sky above, the cloud-shrouded earth below. To the south clouds stretched in an apparently endless sea; to the north, like clouds themselves, were the countless snow peaks of Tibet. Quite near was Annapurna, the purgatory of Maurice Herzog, the first of the deadly eight-thousanders ever climbed by man.

"It was an extraordinary moment," Forrer recalled. "After the long, long battle, here was peace. The sun was brilliant, the air calm. There was scarcely even a breeze up here—a miracle after Dhaulagiri's storm!" It was hard to believe, but there we stood: six men on the summit of

continued



through four successively higher camps to the summit. Camp 6, established on precarious ledge 1,375 feet from top, was used as

final jump-off point by first assault team May 13. Ten days later second team made audacious dash directly from Camp 5.

PEAK OF STORMS Continued

Dhaulagiri. Never before had so many stood on top of an eight-thousander."

They photographed each other and the stunning view around them, planted a pöten with a piece of climbing rope on the peak and then reluctantly turned away. A peak like Dhaulagiri will not tolerate the presence of men on its highest slopes for long. They stayed for an hour and a half, and then began the no less treacherous and difficult climb back down the mountain.

Those of us below, meanwhile, could only guess at the moment of triumph; for us, May 18 was another working day. Georg, Adam, Ang Dawa and I carried supplies as far as possible toward Camp 3 and then bivouacked for the night.

The next day, as we made our way through a snowstorm toward the camp, we could make out directly above us snow-shrouded figures which painfully and slowly groped their way down from Camp 4. When we reached Camp 3 Ernst Forrer, Albin Schelbert and Peter Diener were there, grinning broadly. They had made it!

Even this moment of triumph, how-

ever, was shadowed with anxiety; we were not allowed to forget where we were, what still had to be done. Peter was in bad shape. He had reached the summit only with a superhuman effort. He was numb and half gone with exhaustion, and what he said did not make too much sense. Ang Dawa and I roped him between us and started slowly down to the relative safety and comfort of Camp 2. It was close to 6 o'clock when we reached the camp and helped him to his tent.

Well after dark we heard Kurt's voice outside. In he came with the two Sherpas, Nawang Dorje and Nima Dorje. They, too, were grinning all over. These two were not famous Sherpas, just young fellows. And now they had been to the summit of Dhaulagiri.

Six men had made the summit so far. For the rest of us the challenge remained, and one by one we took our turn.

Adam and Michel started up from Camp 2 on the 16th. But the altitude seemed to affect Adam more than the others; he climbed so slowly that we sent two Sherpas to fetch him back. He refused to come. He bivouacked

out in the open on the side of the mountain, and the next day we watched as he resumed climbing ever more slowly. Michel, farther up, finally had to come back down to help him. Still higher we could see clearly Hugo, Jean-Jacques and their Sherpas move up the slope from Camp 3 to Camp 4.

On the morning of the 17th we saw one dot leave Camp 3 and recognized Michel. Evidently Adam was not well and could move neither up nor down. He was waiting for Georg and me to go up.

Through our binoculars we watched Michel toil up a 55° ice slope. His progress was painfully slow. We saw a man at Camp 5 looking down the northeast face of Dhaulagiri at Michel's slow advance. Obviously, Hugo and Jean-Jacques and their two Sherpas had not yet moved up to Camp 6, and we fervently hoped that Michel, with his tremendous will power, would catch up with them. His climb to join the men on Camp 5 was a marvelous piece of pluck.

So now we had another party within striking distance, but also possibly a sick man also at Camp 5. Adam's condition had to be investigated.



DRIVE OF TRIUMPH are worn by members of first ascent team after return to advance base camp from conquest of peak.

The climbers are (from left) Peter Diener, Nima Dorje, Ernst Forrer, Nawang Dorje, Albin Schelbert and Kurt Diemberger.

Georg and I had tried the day before to get up to him but had been turned back; hardened by heavy loads, wading through snow that was up to our knees, we had unwittingly made a depot within three inches of the edge of a crevasse—a close call! But the next day, May 18, we were able to try again. Inwardly we hoped that, with luck, Adam would be all right and we would be able to make our own summit bid.

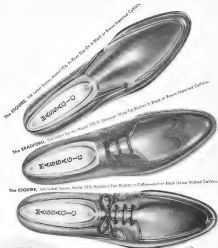
Dzoolagiri on that day, however, was a mass of swirling snow and snow plumes that blew out for miles into the sky. Never had we seen the mountain so completely terrifying. The wind tore at us in maniacal rage as we fought our way upward. Our feet congealed until they felt like paralyzed lumps of ice, and I grew really worried that we might end up with frozen toes that would have to be amputated. Incongruously, all I could think of was that this would mean no more tennis for me. The idea of tennis was idiotic in these circumstances, but that is the kind of thing one thinks of at those heights.

It was a terrible ordeal, that climb. Our sunglasses filled with snow every few minutes. Was it worth it? How far can a man drive himself before going under? We almost reached a point of desperation when two Sherpas suddenly appeared to help us. They had made the tricky and exposed traverse to our side, and now they could relieve us of our loads. As soon as we reached Camp 3, Ang Dawa took off our reindeer boots and started to massage our feet. At first they seemed utterly lifeless and white, but the long and vigorous massage gradually restored their circulation.

We rested down with Adam that night. He seemed all right, though weak. He had been up here for five days alone. Despite sleeping pills, we slept very little.

The next day the storm seemed to gather strength, and waves of flying snow threatened to crush the flimsy shelter. We thought of those above us and prayed the storm would not sweep them down. At dawn the snow-drift, solid as ice, had reached the very top of our tent. I could not shake it off. Ang Dawa got out and started shoveling. In the heavy wind and snow it must have been hell for him.

read/visual



THE Smart APPROACH TO Comfort



Comfort always comes first, in MASSAGIC Shoes. But, the first thing you see is style . . . smart, aware, individual style. The comfort's deep down underneath, in unseen air-cushioned insole, in exclusive, foot-cradling Arch Lift. To get both—all-day comfort and all-out style—see your MASSAGIC Dealer, or write us for his name. From \$15.95 to \$29.95.

MASSAGIC

Air Cushion Shoes

WITTENBERG SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY + MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

For short cuts...for any style



Makes your haircut fit your head!



No matter how you like your hair cut—you'll look better when you use Short Cut. This new, non-grasy hair cream adds body to the hair fibers, makes your haircut fit your head. Keeps hair neat all day—and helps condition your scalp into the bargain. Takes about 2 seconds a day, costs a lot .50 also see

Old Spice SHORT CUT®
HAIR GROOM

flyin'g's
the most practical sport
you can enjoy



PIPER APACHE. Most versatile land or ocean "crawler" you'll ever know. Ready to cut your business travel in half with convenience and flexibility you never dreamed possible (no schedule to meet, no connections to make). Ready, too, to whisk you to your favorite vacation haunts, to Alaska, Canada, the Caribbean or Latin America—direct in their hard-to-get-to spots the timetables don't even list. Newer, jaw-dropping 5-place Model G Apache is four than ever—with new added cabin windows, new beautiful cabin styling, many other new design features. Over 170 mph cruise, range up to 1,200 miles. Easy, economical to fly. \$16,990. See your Piper dealer or write for Apache brochure, Dept. 00-S, PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

PEAK OF STORMS *continued*

Then, without warning, we ran out of butane gas. That was it. There could be no question of going higher without gas to prepare the hot liquids which are essential for survival at this height.

We started our melancholy trip down, leaving two emergency oxygen bottles at the camp for Hugo, Jean-Jacques and Michel to use, if necessary, on their way down. Adam behaved strangely, like a sleepwalker. On the steep ice face, the snowstorm doubled the danger. We had to drive our axes in and hold on for life. Sometimes the gusts of wind were so fierce that they almost tore us off the ridge altogether. Poor Adam carried my big movie tripod, a heavy and awkward load.

We reached Camp 2 at last at 1 p.m. It was the end of our try for the summit. After weeks of incessant effort, we knew now we would not get another chance.

Two days later, on the 22nd of May, two exhausted Sherpas stumbled into our camp shortly before dark. Throughout all the storms of the past days and nights they had shared a tent on Camp 5 with Hugo, Jean-Jacques and Michel. Now their food had almost run out, and the Sherpas were sent back down to wait with us at the camp. Incredibly enough, the three sabits still hoped to make a try for the summit.

On the 24th, long after dark, around 8:30 p.m., I was lying in my tent, ready to go to sleep, when I heard voices. I woke up Georg, and we looked out. Hugo, Michel and Jean-Jacques were coming toward us. "How did it go?" we cried. Hugo answered: "O.K., we made it." "Ticnic!" we exclaimed. "Who?"

Hugo hesitated. "Michel et moi," he said.

Bit by bit they told us their story. Jean-Jacques, poor fellow, had lost his ice ax. One of the Sherpas had taken it down with him. It was too risky to climb without one, so, almost at the goal, he had to stay behind. But Hugo and Michel had made the summit all the way from Camp 5 at 24,400 feet. And they had made it at 4:30 in the evening! A climb of 2,675 vertical feet to the summit and back to Camp 6 in one day at an altitude of nearly 27,000 feet! It was a stupendous achievement, perhaps

one of the most remarkable in mountaineering history.

Now our expedition at last was a success. The challenge of Dhaulagiri had been met in a way that left no doubt that the "unclimbable fiend" could be climbed by men stout of heart and strong of purpose. A first ascent by six men had been made on May 18, a second ascent by two men on May 23. Not one of us could have realistically expected as much.

Now there was only the long way back: the walk across the glacier, the return to Katmandu and finally the safe level of San Diego. The snows of Dhaulagiri have been left far behind, but they can never be forgotten.

AMERICANS ON MASHERBRUM

On July 6 WEE Unschuld, a professor of comparative religion from the University of Oregon, and George Bell, a physician from Los Altos, became the first climbers to scale Masherbrum, a 25,660-foot Himalayan peak whose Sanskrit name, appropriately enough, means Day of Judgment. The mountaineers, spearhead of a joint U.S.-Pakistan expedition organized by Nicholas Clinch of Dallas, reached their goal after 38 days of strenuous climbing, 24 of them through a continuous monsoon. Along the way the party had a near-fatal brush with an avalanche that carried four of the climbers 300 feet down the mountain. "No one can honestly say that he enjoys a Himalayan expedition most of the time," Bell told a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reporter, "but 10 people riding their lives together—scurrying themselves to the limit for a cause—is the moral equivalent of war."

The giant snows, the razor-sharp ridges, the numbing cold and spilling ice-falls still loom up in dreams and turn them into nightmares. Yet for all of this, I also dream of going back again. Despite their perils, the high mountains offer a beauty to the eye and a tranquility to the soul that cannot be matched in the world below. The mountain allows man to measure himself. I believe it was Mallory, the great Himalayan pioneer, who wrote: "Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves!" And so it was on Dhaulagiri, the once unclimbable peak of storms.

END

VARSIITY-TOWN CLOTHES

are "Naturally Yours" in **MADISONAIRE** authoritative Madison Avenue styling.

Varsity-Town, one of the first in natural-shoulder clothing suggests: your color...

Office hues—your pattern... Split-basket Glens, multi-hue Checks, subdued Stripes or Heather Hop Sacks and the versatile "VESTWO"



"Vestwo" can be worn single-breasted to prefer to scratch the suit or turned about into a double-breasted checked sport coat.



Featured by 800 Leading Style Stores, including:

The World Co., Washington
Ley's, Indianapolis
Frank & Sons, Louisville
Larkin-Belgers, Madison
Peters-Brown, Nashville
The Broadway, Los Angeles

Filene's, Boston
Cohen's of America
David Bros., Mobile
David, Harrisburg
C. W. Anderson, Madison
L. S. Ames, Indianapolis

Buchman's, Pittsburgh
Ward Bros., New York
Bridges & Sons, New York
Bennett's, Dallas
Meyers', San Francisco
Meyers', Louisville

Ask your store for a Varsity-Town **WEE BLUE BOOK**. Its 170 pages are packed with fashion schedules, prices, color and styling tips and style information. Free!

THE H. A. REYNOLDS COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO



- The man who breaks with tradition...

never breaks faith with excellence. He may defy the past in his search for new answers. Yet, more than most men, he understands traditions...and lives by them. The Ivy tradition for one. Traditions of quality and good taste. Manhattan® tailors University Row™ sportshirts for that kind of man. We think you will appreciate the stern measures involved. Patterns and colors must be clear and decisive, yet Ivy-understated. Craftsmanship is pure. University Row sportshirts are "contour cut" for

unusually clean and precise lines at the waist. This one in Mansmooth®, no-iron 100% cotton with exclusive Reserve Neatness™ to keep it neat and wrinkle free all day. \$5. Slightly higher in the west. The Manhattan Shirt Company, 1271 Avenue of Americas, New York 20, makers of shirts, sportswear, pajamas, underwear, handkerchiefs and Lady Manhattan® Sportswear.

Manhattan®

Move up to Schlitz!

*Every sip has that deep, cool,
kiss-of-the-hops flavor. It's
the taste you want in beer.
Next time open up a new
world of refreshment.
Move up to Schlitz.*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

One of the real joys of good living.



The Ashley factor

JoAnne Gunderson won the women's Amateur title, but an unknown girl from Kansas proved the tournament's most upsetting ingredient

IN ITS final three days, the National Women's Amateur Golf tournament, played last week on the steaming slopes of the Tulsa Country Club, turned into a contest between the American Curtis Cup team and Jean Ashley, a slim girl from Kansas who was searing and playing her first women's National.

In her combat with the Curtis Cuppers the odds were heavily against Miss Ashley, who is 21 but doesn't look her age, and she eventually succumbed to JoAnne Gunderson, 8 and 6, in the tournament's final match—but not before she had eliminated, on successive days, Barbara McIntire, the defending champion, and Mrs. Ann Casey Johnstone.

Kansas cardigan

Miss Ashley lives in Chanute, a town of 10,755 in southeast Kansas. She plays golf there on a nine-hole course that has no built-in sand traps. Recently, a man dumped a load of sand on the grass, so it does have a sand pile. She took to the National a record of rather minor victories. When she was 16 she won the Kansas State and Broadmoor Invitational championships. Earlier this year in the semifinals of the National Intercollegiate tournament she forced Judy Klier to 19 holes. At Tulsa she first attracted notice when she birdied the 21st hole to defeat Polly Riley, a former Curtis Cup team member, playing in her 12th National.

But when the quarter-finals began on Thursday, with the temperature and humidity as usual both in the 90s, Miss Ashley was given scant consideration. Johnny Palmer, pro at the Tulsa Country Club, picked Miss Gunderson to win because he

thought the course well suited to her long-hitting game. The Tulsa course is 6,100 yards long but plays considerably longer because of its cushiony Bermuda grass fairways which discourage roll.

Actually, Miss Ashley's game, like Miss Gunderson's, was well suited to the course. She consistently outdrove both Miss McIntire and Mrs. Johnstone and displayed also a resolution, fortitude and complete absence of nerves that seemed somehow incongruous with her disarming hazel eyes, turned-up nose, wide friendly mouth and general impression of physical frailty (she is 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 120 pounds).

Miss Ashley started shakily with two 6s against Miss McIntire, who was trying to repeat as National champion, and when Barbara won No. 15 it appeared that she was in command. On the 17th, however, Miss Ashley rolled in a 15-foot putt for a birdie to pull even. Then on the 18th Miss McIntire's nine-foot putt for a par 4 was short, and Miss Ashley, who had driven 335 yards, calmly sank a tricky downhill putt on a sloping green to win the match.

On virtually every hole of the final match Miss Gunderson outdrove Miss Ashley, sometimes by as much as 60 yards. JoAnne was out as far as 235 and once, 250. The effect of this upon Miss Ashley, who is accustomed to outdrive her opponents, became apparent almost immediately. She won the first hole, then went 18 without winning another. But she played courageously, getting down numerous five- and six-foot putts for halves. She finally won the 20th and 21st



JEAN ASHLEY PLAYS OUT OF AN UNFAMILIAR TRAP

holes and found herself 3 down. The next five were halved, but JoAnne won the 27th and 29th. The 30th was halved. Then, on the 31st both girls ended the 60th championship with championship efforts. Miss Ashley missed by inches a bold attempt at a 22-foot birdie putt, and Miss Gunderson got her birdie with a 14-footer.

True blue and two

For Miss Gunderson, the 21-year-old with the reddish-blond hair and the eyes almost too blue to be believed, it was her second National championship. She won her first in 1957 but, except for the Western in 1959, she won only the National Intercollegiate this June. "I was beginning to think I was over the hill at 21," she said.

As for Jean Ashley, she heads home to start teaching a third-grade class in her home town, her first job since graduation in June from the University of Kansas. Her trip to the tournament was largely motivated by the proximity of Tulsa and Chanute, only 120 miles apart. Her father, Dr. G. L. Ashley, a four-handicap golfer and a surgeon, moved up his operating schedule to 6 o'clock in the morning and commuted between Tulsa and Chanute. By Saturday's final, he was tired. "My Lord," he said to a friend, "wouldn't it be awful if I died of a heart attack and Jean didn't get to finish this match?"

END

Champions though married

The big surprise at the Nationals was the victory of the happy Portugals

IF there was one supreme lesson in the Summer National Championships last week, it was that bridge tournaments today can be physically exhausting. The tournament began in Los Angeles at 1:30 p.m. on a Saturday. It ended before a handful of bone-weary competitors and spectators 11 days later at 10 minutes to 4 in the morning when the Spingold Trophy, emblematic of the Masters Knockout Team Championship, was presented to my team. We were just a little less knocked out than the others. That, mainly, is why we won.

Into the days between were packed the biggest attendance ever at the Summer Nationals (8,481 tables) and some of the most exciting bridge I have seen. There was also a surprising upset. For the first time a husband-and-wife team, Helen and Morris Portugal of Los Angeles, won the Life Master Pairs Championship, with R. the Von Zedtwitz gold cup. The Portugals are the first pair living west of the Rockies to win the title.

A field of 64 teams entered the Masters Knockout Team Championship. It was steadily whittled down, until only four remained on the night before the end of the matches. Three of the teams—one from Los Angeles captained by Mel Broslauer, another from New York captained by George Rapee and mine—had already been defeated once. The fourth, the Texans captained by hantam G. R. Nail of Houston, had not been beaten and were favorites to win the title. The draw pitted Broslauer against Rapee, my team against the Texans.

But my teammates (Helen Sebel, Harold Ogust, Howard Schenken, Peter Leventritt and Berle Koytchev) were in brilliant form—I think they were also better rested—and rolled

up a 34 International Match Point lead in the first 18 hands of our 36-board match. In the end, we won by a margin of 12, forcing a three-way round-robin playoff in the finals.

The Rapee team (George Rapee, R. Jay Becker, William Grieva and Ralph Hirschberg of New York, Sidney Sklar of Philadelphia and Norman Kay of Merchantville, N.J.) had put out the Broslauer outfit, but halfway through the final the Nail team (G.R. Nail and Mervin Key of Houston, Curtie Smith and Dr. Robert Farris of Austin, with Robert Wolf of San Antonio) was 17 IMPs up on Rapee and 12 on us. In the third match we also trailed Rapee by 12. We seemed completely out of contention, but then remarkable things happened to us, and this hand had a great deal to do with our recovery.

After Helen takes a double South's double

NORTH			
♠ 10 9 8 5 4			
♥ 10			
♦ Q J 10 7 3			
♣ 7 2			
WEST			
♠ A			
♥ 7 2			
♦ A 3 3 3 4			
♣ A 2 3 4 4			
SOUTH			
♠ K 3			
♥ A Q 5 5			
♦ K 5 2			
♣ K Q 10 5			
NORTH			
♠ 10 9 8 5 4	♥ 10	♦ Q J 10 7 3	♣ 7 2
WEST			
♠ A	♥ 7 2	♦ A 3 3 3 4	♣ A 2 3 4 4
SOUTH			
♠ K 3	♥ A Q 5 5	♦ K 5 2	♣ K Q 10 5

Opposing heart trumps of clubs

Dummy won the first trick with the ace of clubs, and East discarded his remaining club on the ace of diamonds. Next, Ogust adapted the self-shortening process in trumps which Portugals successfully used in the hand described later. He ruffed a diamond,

led to dummy's spade ace, trumped a club, led the jack of spades covered with the king and ruffed in dummy. Another diamond ruff put East back to lead the spade queen. South trumped with the heart 8 to shut out dummy's 7, then cashed the ace of hearts to stop the threat of another spade ruff in dummy. But Ogust made five hearts in his hand, plus dummy's three aces and a spade ruff and scored 140 points for his contract. (In tournaments, a part score is worth a bonus of 50 points.)

The fireworks came at the other table when Sebelken made his contract on a "no-sech-animal" bid.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ 10 9 8 5 4	♠ 10 9 8 5 4	♠ 10 9 8 5 4	♠ 10 9 8 5 4
♥ 10	♥ 10	♥ 10	♥ 10
♦ Q J 10 7 3	♦ Q J 10 7 3	♦ Q J 10 7 3	♦ Q J 10 7 3
♣ 7 2	♣ 7 2	♣ 7 2	♣ 7 2

Hirschberg's two no-trump bid was of the "unusual" variety, which was surely misread and thoroughly clobered throughout the tournament. It called for partner to choose between the minor suits. So, with six hearts and five spades, East had to bid his doubleton club. Schenken's double was for penalties, and when Helen Sebel took him out, his three no-trump bid represented pique rather than superior strategy. But the maestro proceeded to justify this "impossible" call by bringing home an impossible contract. And it was that much abused "unusual so trump" that provided comfort to the enemy.

West led the club 6, and East's 9 forced South's 10. South led the king of diamonds. The fourth, the Texans captained by hantam G. R. Nail of Houston, had not been beaten and were favorites to win the title. The draw pitted Broslauer against Rapee, my team against the Texans.

South's queen won, and it was now

apparent that West had started with two five-card minors. South cashed the ace of hearts, and when West followed there was no doubt he also held a singleton spade. So Schenken led a low spade and West had to take his ace. Back in with a club. South had time to establish another heart by leading the 8 to East's king. The spade king and the heart 8 gave Schenken his eighth and ninth tricks, and a miraculous but meticulously played game contract was worth 740 points, or 6 IMP's, on the combined scores at the two tables.

In the Life Master Pairs a different pair led after each of the four sessions. Before the final match word went out that several pairs were in the running. The eventual winners, the Portugals, were never mentioned, but they compiled a rock-crusher in the last round and sailed by four other teams, each of which had a chance to win almost up to the final hand.

Helen Sobel and I were making a strong bid to annex the Van Zedtwitz cup for the third time. But with a croce that ordinarily would win most pair championships, we had to be content with a fifth-place finish, about one full board behind the winners. Between us and the "Portu," as they are known in Los Angeles, came Texas Smith and Wolff, Warren Blank and Breslau of Los Angeles

and Sam Fry Jr. and Koytchen of New York.

There were many who have said it couldn't be done—that a husband-and-wife pair could never win the Masters. The Portugals have now disproved the theory, but their playing partnership has had its stormy moments. Friends hearing them argue at a tournament, however, take such outbursts as a real sign that they are having a good game.

The Portugals are convinced that they don't fight. "We have given that up," says Morris, who recently left a children's-wear manufacturing business to assist in the management of the Regency Bridge Club in Los Angeles. He has ideas, however, on why other married couples squabble so much. "They're stuck with each other. They can't just shrug it off and cut a new partner. Then, too, they expect more of one another."

The Portugals expect a great deal of one another because each regards the other's game so highly. When I talked with Helen Portugal in Turin, Italy, where she played as a member of the U.S. women's team in the Olympiad, she constantly referred to her husband as the real player of the family. Mr. Portugal, after their victory in Los Angeles, said that Helen was the bulwark of their team.

True or not, she is only the third

woman ever to win the Life Master Pairs. Helen Sobel, playing with me, has won it twice, and Ruth Chase Gilbert of Philadelphia won it in 1949 with Leo Roet of Irvington, N.J.

It requires courage, as well as perceptiveness, to win a bridge championship, and in a pair game the play of a mere one-bid can be as important as a grand slam. To illustrate, here's a hand that helped the Portugals win their title.

*North-south vulnerable.
First dealer*

NORTH			
♠	T 2		
♥	A 10 5 4 2		
♦	Q 10 6 4 2		
♣	8		
WEST			
♠	Q 10 9 2 4		
♥	10 8 2		
♦	5 3 8		
♣	10 5		
EAST			
♠	K		
♥	K 9 3		
♦	A K 3 5		
♣	A K 10 6 4		
SOUTH			
♠	A K J 6 3		
♥	J 6		
♦	5		
♣	J 9 7 2		
EAST	NORTH	WEST	NORTH
	(Portugal)		(Mrs. Portugal)
1♠	1♥	PASS	PASS
2♥	PASS	PASS	PASS
<i>Against Van Zedtwitz</i>			

continued

FACES IN THE BRIDGE CROWD AT LOS ANGELES



SHOWING STRAIN OF LONG TOURNAMENT, THREE OF 11,000 RECORD ENTRY STARE NUMBLY, GAZE WARILY, QUESTION POLITELY



AUG 29

**THOROUGHBRED RACING AT THE BIG A
SEE TOP HORSES AT AQUEDUCT—AMERICA'S MOST
MODERN RACE TRACK. \$50,000 JEROME SEPT. 3;
\$50,000 MATRON SEPT. 10; \$75,000 FUTURITY SEPT.
17; \$100,000 WOODWARD SEPT. 24. 1ST RACE 1:30.**

SEPT 24



GOREN continues

West wasn't strong enough to double one spade, but got his opportunity to convert partner's reopening takeout double via a penalty pass.

East won the first club and returned the spade 8. At this point most declarers panicked, dashing in with the high spade and hastening to ruff a losing club before dummy's remaining trump could be drawn. These players faced badly. When they came off dummy with a diamond, East won with the jack and cashed two high clubs, giving West two diamond discards. On the next diamond West overruffed South. A



WINNING COUPLE. Morris and Helen Portugal, in quiet moment after victory.

heart put dummy in with the ace, and South managed to make two more trump tricks for down two.

Portugal played with greater valor as well as greater discretion. After winning the trump return, he reasoned that East surely did not have another trump and that West probably did not have a high diamond. So, before dashing to ruff a club, he led the diamond 9 and passed it to East's jack. East put back a high club. Dummy ruffed and South trumped a diamond to his hand. Next he led to dummy's heart ace and ruffed another low diamond. With only the king-jack of trumps remaining against West's four spades, he exited and waited for West to lead trumps, making five trumps in his own hand, the heart ace and one ruff in dummy.

END

THE FRESH FLAIR

in wash & wear



"Amblers" Slacks & Cone Fabrics take no sass from stains with



SCOTCHGARD®

STAIN REPELLER

Dish yourself a heap of carefree living with protection from stains before they happen. It's easy with The Fresh Flair.

The reason is "Scotchman" Brand Stain Repeller that builds protection right into a fabric. This unique treatment surrounds fibers with a shield you can't see or feel. Oily spills and watery . . . like spaghetti sauce, coffee, gravy . . . stay on

the surface. You can actually blot them gently away. Even when forced between fibers, stains easily wash away. And you're letting protection, washing after washing. Next time you shop for slacks, ask for The Fresh Flair of "Scotchman" Stain Repeller. ©1969 Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, St. Paul 6, Minnesota.

SM

"Amblers" Slacks by Big York have The Fresh Flair in 100% cotton and from Cone Mills. Extremely soft with tapered leg and button-through-out pockets at back. In tan, black, old gold, indigo green. Boys' sizes 8 to 12, about 34. Men's sizes 28 to 42, about 35. At S. W. EDWARDS, Syracuse; SCHAEFER'S, Milwaukee; THE JONES STORE, Kansas City, Mo.; WOODWARD, Grand Rapids; L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis.



LUCKY TOY FRIG at poolside was no help to the U.S.'s Chris von Saltza. She finished second to Australia's Dawn Fraser in the 100-meter freestyle final.

OLYMPICS

continued from page 28

Chris von Saltza finished second to Australia's Dawn Fraser in the 100-meter freestyle final. Miss Fraser had been nearly everybody's favorite in this event, which she has now won for the second straight time, but Von Saltza partisans had still been hopeful. They could point out, at least, that Dawn was obliged to equal her own world record of 1:01.2 to win.

Meanwhile, the Russians began to demonstrate their strength in events which Americans, generally, consider minor sports, by capturing three gold medals in the seven canoeing finals. Russia's husky Antonina Serodina came from behind to win the 500-meter kayak singles by inches from Germany's Therese Zern and set a new Olympic record of 2:58.08. Later she teamed with Maria Shubina and took another first in the 500-meter kayak pairs. The Russians' third gold-medal winners were Sergei Makarenko and Leonid Gushin in the 1,000-meter Canadian doubles.

In the classic canoeing event, the men's 1,000-meter kayak singles, the aging Swedish champion, 40-year-old Gert Fredriksson, finally fell before younger opponents after winning three successive Olympic titles. Erik

Hansen of Denmark and Imre Szekesi of Hungary—both half his age—beat Fredriksson, Hansen winning and Szekesi placing second.

Dramatic as the Games were, they hardly surpassed the spectacle that preceded them. On the evening before they opened, the athletes of the world, including a handful of presumably AWOL but curious Russians in sweat suits, were received in public audiences by Pope John XXIII. An uncountable multitude, the largest some experienced Romans could remember, filled the vast St. Peter's Square to hear the Pope's welcome—one of the rare papal declarations on sport and one in which he used an expression pagan Romans used to know, *veni vidi vici* in *corpo* also. Then after interminable translations of his words into a variety of tongues Pope John walked through the crowd, smiling and waving at the athletes as the representatives of all races and nationalities were pointed out to him. He walked because he does not favor the sedan chairs of his predecessors or, for that matter, most of the ceremonial trappings that have become traditional. The American colony in Rome refers to him affectionately as "Johnnie Walker."

A few hours later the Olympic torch, lighted by the sun in Olympia two weeks before and carried to Rome

on foot for the most part, arrived in the square before the Campidoglio square so jammed that no one survived untrampled. There were pickpockets, fainting women and a pathetic liver-spotted dog of uncertain breeding but excellent manners which had somehow got caught up in the mass and accepted his fate with commendable resignation. There was a speech by the mayor of Rome ("He cannot speak, but he will," a Roman explained). The torch arrived in the hands of a runner who was pushed forward through the mob by impatient Italian police, all in excellent voice. Thus urged, the runner used the threat of his firebrand to clear his own path. A green beater atop the high Campidoglio steps caught the flame like a bulky cigarette lighter and flickered over the noble head of a bronze Marcus Aurelius in the square below.

The ultimate pre-Games ceremony, the formal opening, came next evening in the Stadio Olimpico, a construction of such delicately conceived architecture that it gives little impression of mass and raises doubt in the minds of cynics that it can really seat 100,000. But it was filled, and the crowd that filled it paid 170,014,460 lire to get in. This sum (\$272,216) was announced as "the absolute record" for the stadium. The Games, indeed, will set a record for Olympic ticket sales. Before the competition started it was announced that \$4,500,000 worth had been sold out of a possible \$5,400,000. At Helsinki in 1952 the gate was \$2,800,000, and four years ago at Melbourne the final figure was \$2,550,000.

Spectacle-loving Romans were enthralled by the parade of athletes; and the athletes, many equipped with cameras, were enthralled, too. They began to shoot each other and the final torch-bearer, a Roman student runner named Gian-Carlo Peris, who gracefully ran up the 82 steps to the top of the stadium's eastern wall as if he had never heard of elevators. Before the parade began there was a ludicrous moment, the inspiration of a young fellow in Bermuda shorts who, with this crude simulation of a racing costume, burst onto the track and ran around it. He breathed an imaginary tape and then escaped into the crowd before the Italian police could decide that something irregular was going on. He was instantly

appeared to be an American jerk, but his nationality was not actually established. He could have been an English, or French, or German jerk.

The parade was a study in national tastes in dress and ran a gorgeous gamut. The Russians bulked muscledly in blue single-buttoned suits that suggested something you might see at a lawn party given by Khrushchev. Their leader, a peerless type, head-lessly carried the flag with just one hand, a feat of strength that was awesomely ostentatious. The Bermudians

were shorts, naturally. The Cubans were oddly clean-shaven, not a Castro beard in the lot. The Liberians were grand in gold-braided tunics, bright red jackets and white pants. The Pakistanis bloomed in plumed white turbans and green jackets. The Americans, led by Rafer Johnson as flag bearer, marched in blue jackets and white pants, but they topped these sensible garments with raucous straw hats that could be described as drunken sailors.

When these men and women, rep-

resenting all the races of the world, lined up on the green Stadio playing field, humanity's most successful binding force, the love of sport, took over. Anyone who ever kicked a ball or swung a bat or placed a bet with a candy-store bookie must have been impressed by the sight. It brought to mind that man is an animal who likes to test himself to the utmost and in so doing has rated himself now almost to the stars, a fact brought home by the sight of Echo flying through the Roman sky.

END

LUCKY SPANISH SWIMMER Julio Cabrera rests his head in the lap of leggy teammate Rita Palato during a training session

siesta, and gets his hair combed besides. A 100-meter freestyle, Rita, also, failed to qualify for the finals in her event.



Ramires, Heather Brewer Segal, Barbara Davidson and players of even slenderer reputation. On the other hand, at Caracas she forced Gibson all the way before losing 9-7 in the third set, she won the fairly important tournament in Rome and she partnered Gibson to a victory at Wimbledon in the doubles (which, incidentally, she has a flair for). Her campaign might have been even more successful had she not suffered a recurrence of her shoulder injury. During the six months she sat it out, she completed her work for her teacher's certificate at Colegio Santa Inés and taught classes in the first five grades.

Ascension from the backwoods

In Europe the following spring—1959, that is—with Althea Gibson turned professional and no longer around to dominate the scene, a discernibly improved Maria won 12 out of 16 matches. At Wimbledon, after looking only fair in the early rounds, she caught fire at just the right time. She defeated Sally Moore easily in the penultimate. In the final against Darlene Hard, who had beaten her all six times the two had previously met, she was completely in command, winning 6-4, 6-3 and exploding 17 aces en route. For all the world, she had arrived—all the world, that is, except certain Brazilian critics who felt that her conquest of Wimbledon was no great thing since Christine Truanis had been ousted early and Darlene had been far off her best form. When, later in the summer, Maria defeated both of them on her way to victory in our nationals, these home-country holdouts belatedly joined in the acclaim. Maria was the first South American since Anita Lizana to win at Forest Hills and the first "outsider" in 22 years to break the North American monopoly at Wimbledon. Today the scope of her feats is warmly appreciated throughout South America, most completely, of course, in São Paulo. Last winter a bronze statue of Maria which the Clube de Regatas Tietê had commissioned was unveiled. It is two meters high, commands the main entrance and depicts the club's most illustrious member playing a backhand volley.

Maria's rise certainly has been ex-

tremely rapid but, like all such exploits, it has not been as unaccomplished as it seems in outline. Along with the sunshine and parties there have been the countless hollow hours of traveling alone far from home, living on a tight budget and, above all, the long problem of battling a combustible temperament which not only hurt her own game but on more than one occasion offended her partners and opponents. Two summers ago, for example, during the final of the national doubles at Longwood in which she and Althea Gibson, the strong favorites, were surprisingly beaten, Maria found it impossible to muffle her frustration. She was staying that week, along with a raft of other girls, at the home of Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, the queen mother of tennis and a person who believes in striking while the iron is hot. "I took Maria aside," Mrs. Wightman has said, "and explained why I wasn't satisfied with that little bit of temperament. I could see as I talked that she hadn't really appreciated the full significance of her petulance. In a way, she is a very young girl. When I drove her to the Back Bay station the next day, she asked me to go over it all again and listened very gravely. Last year Maria came to stay with me again. She had hardly arrived when she asked me to come over to the club and watch her play—she had so many things she wanted me to watch, she said, about the way she had improved her manners on the court."

Since her coronation Maria has been a most upsurprising queen, especially in comparison with her predecessor, Althea, who occasionally acted as if she really believed she was royalty. At the same time, and fortunately, Maria's pursuit of self-control has not subdued her fire and natural expressiveness on the court, nor has it impaired those passages in which her marvelous imagination for the whole game of tennis is lighted and the artist takes over from the girl. If she is the coordinated gamine in the briefest shorts who looks good just catching a ball bounced to her, she is also the instinctive aristocrat in the Teddy Tieling tennis dress with a striking young imperiousness about her. This is explicit in her impatience with herself on her poorer days, of course. It comes through best, however, in small spontaneous gestures, like the look of impolitic disbelief she directs at an op-

ponent who has just passed her with a shot way beyond that player's usual competence. It is there, to be sure, in the way she occasionally walks off the court after a match. In quick succession, her right hand shakes her opponent's hand, the left hand (with the racket now in the right) reaches up to thank the umpire, the right playfully touches the head of a small ball boy with the racket strings, the left fetches the purple cardigan.

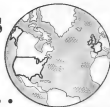
Beneath it all, the old intensity, that requisite of any champion, is still there. The prospect of a serious match grips her so completely that in the long minutes before she takes to the court the contour of her face alters markedly. Her features take on decided sharpness, the eyes seem to become darker and deeper set, and a long fine appears at the inner corner of her eye and runs to her cheek. Twenty minutes after a match she looks quite different.

Private life vs. tennis

When a girl as young as Maria has won so much so early and has all the equipment to keep on improving, it brings one to the familiar question: Will she go on to become all she might become? The answer, as always, must be oblique: It all depends, finally, on her own evaluation of what is the good life—marriage with tennis on the side, tennis with marriage on the side, or tennis with tennis on the side. (She is an old-fashioned romantic on non-tennis subjects like love: "You never know when you'll meet the man and fall in love, do you? It is such a sudden thing when it comes—right?") For the moment, though, she is 20 and champion. For all the attendant pleasures—traveling with the lighthearted, up-and-coming "Latin Group," working out with Harry Hopman and the Charles Hares and other interested friends the world over, picking the right gown and the right opening tune for the Wimbledon Ball—tennis still comes first, second and third with Maria. The steadiness of the greatest champions is what she is after. On some days it seems far beyond her. On others, however, she appears to be the most gifted woman athlete in the world. When you watch her on those afternoons you find yourself agreeing with those eclectic lovers of sport who hold that tennis is the most beautiful of all games.

END

Spalding Cops International Golf Honors...



In the U.S.A.

ON JULY 26TH, professional Jay Hebert won the 1966 P.G.A. Tournament at Akron, Ohio with a blazing finish and a fine 72-hole total of 281.



In France

ON JULY 12TH, powerful Roberto de Vincenzo blazed his way to the 1966 French Open crown at St. Cloud with a par-shattering 72-hole total of 275.



In Great Britain

ON JULY 9TH, crafty Kel Nagle captured the 1966 British Open at St. Andrews, Scotland with a record-breaking 72-hole total of 278.



Everywhere

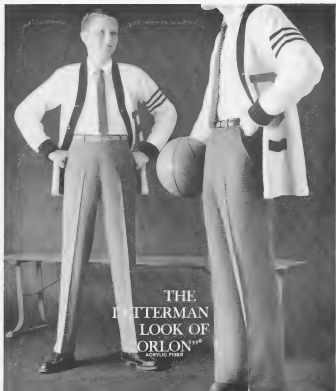
Spalding DISTANCE DOT Golf Balls and TOP FLITE Golf Clubs are making golf history. Sold through golf professional shops only.

Spalding heartily congratulates these three distinguished members of the Spalding Golf Advisory Staff on the greatest international parlay in golfing history.

We are also proud of your accomplishments in capturing these coveted titles—proud, too, that famous Spalding golf equipment like the DISTANCE DOT[®] ball and TOP FLITE Golf Clubs is serving you so well.

May you and the thousands of other golfers who rely on Spalding equipment for a better game continue to win.

SPALDING sets the pace in sports



THE
LETTERMAN
LOOK OF
ORLON[®]
ACRYLIC FIBER

SLACKS SHOWN: LEFT, 85% ORLON, 15% WOOL; RIGHT, 100% WOOL. 85% ORLON, 15% WOOL.

You'll look like a Letterman in slacks containing "Orlon" acrylic fiber. "Orlon" makes them luxuriously comfortable... yet lets them hold their press, shed wrinkles, wear longer. You'll look great, feel great, whatever you do. Be sure your new slacks have the Letterman Look of "Orlon".

*By DU PONT'S GUARANTEE, DU PONT MAKES SURE, NOT SAYING BY SLACKS.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



METRO PANTS CO.



slacks shown: left, "Orlon" and worsted wool, automatic wash 'n' wear...right, wool and "Orlon", in smart fall patterns. Now in slim, regular and husky sizes at fine stores.

**THE CLOTHES SHOWN
ON PAGES 37 TO 43
ARE AVAILABLE AT THE
FOLLOWING STORES:**

PAGE 37
"Ride-Mac," Miller's, New York.
Weatherill riding raincoat, Lord &
Taylor, New York. Pendleton trousers,
Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field,
Chicago.

PAGE 38
British warm, Dobbs at the Waldorf,
New York; Lewis & Thomas Salts,
Washington. Aquascutum coat and
skirt, Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Lord
& Taylor, New York; L. Magnin, Cali-
fornia.

PAGE 39
Rodeo topcoat, Saks Fifth Avenue.
Aquascutum coat, Dayton's, Minne-
apolis; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Lord
& Taylor, New York. Cricketer jack-
et, Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Kenne-
dy's, Boston. Daks flannel slacks,
Saks Fifth Avenue. Evan-Picone shirt
and jacket, Rich's, Atlanta. Gordon
Ford country suit, Dayton's, Minne-
apolis; Lord & Taylor, New York.

PAGE 40
Jantzen sweater, Broadstreet's, New
York. Alan Paine of Godalming sweat-
er, Julius Garfinkel, Washington.
R.F.D. sweater, Lord & Taylor, New
York. Broens sweaters, Peck & Peck,
New York. Darlene sweater, Best &
Co., New York.

PAGE 41
G. & R. Rose sweater, Rich's, Atlan-
ta; Thalheimer's, Richmond. Mister
Pants pants, Thalheimer's. R.F.D.
coat, Jack Henry, Kansas City; Hut-
tler's, Baltimore; Lord & Taylor, New
York.

PAGE 42
David M. Goodstein dress and blazer,
Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Donald
Davies knickers and shirt, Lord &
Taylor, New York.

PAGE 43
Aquascutum coat, Saks Fifth Avenue.
Samuel Robert coat, Hutzler's, Balti-
more; Saks Fifth Avenue.

You can perform better with a GUINNESS coming up!



First time you try a Guinness®, you may make a face. (That's frank, isn't it?) Think nothing of it. Guinness stout is not every man's drink. But it's no secret who *does* like the Guinness taste! It is the man who is male, masculine and mighty. He finds Guinness' strong, partly-bitter flavor just right. Where men are men. Guinness matches their vigor with robust cooling refreshment. If you're the Guinness type, nothing else gives you its goodness. Buy Guinness to drink with beer, half-and-half... or it's great straight.

GUINNESS®

A FULL-BODIED BREW FOR ABLE-BODIED MEN

IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



The Tiger in



Grandma's Lap

by **COREY FORD**

The author of this article, Corey Ford, is a noted humorist, conversationalist and house-cat hunter (feral feline division). Some of the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED share his views; some, cat lovers all, propose to shoot him. Given the widest latitude in preparing this article, Mr. Ford wisely chose instead the widest longitude. On the day it went to press he went to Europe

HERE in New Hampshire we have a benevolent organization called the Love the Little Kitties Association. Its membership includes doctors, lawyers, state policemen, several clergymen, a retired Air Force general and the local undertaker. It was founded by an eminent municipal judge, who holds the office of Head Lover. I had the honor of being named Associate Lover.

The purpose of our organization is the extermination, by fair means or foul, of feral house cats. By definition, feral means "untamed, wild or savage," and house cat means a cat that is supposed to live in a house. The feral house cat is not so much untamed as de-tamed, usually as the result of being de-housed. Meetings of the LLKA are held whenever a member encounters one of these roving beasts stalking the fields in search of prey. Our shooting seat is an open convertible or a specially fitted jeep with slots in the side windows for protruding gun barrels, or the undertaker's hearse, which not only affords excellent visibility but is also handy for a quick getaway. In all honesty, Artist Edward Sorel's depiction of one of our meetings (left), while faithful in spirit, is optimistic. We have not yet been able to acquire an elephant.

Let me hasten to explain, ere the cat people bristle their back fur, that we have nothing against little kitties that stay by the fire and restrict their diet to canned salmon. Our members wouldn't

continued



dream of shooting a tiger (sorry, I mean a cat) is the lap of an elderly grandmother sitting in a rocking chair in her front parlor—provided the window is closed. Our aim (and it is generally quite accurate) is the hot-eyed hunter, neglected by grandma or abandoned when the summer vacationer closes his camp in the fall.

Take the city people—seemingly a nice, civilized family group—who rent a cottage for July and August at Conservation Lake. Shortly after their arrival an itinerant tomsit guru at the door and attaches itself to the household. At least they think it's a tomsit, until it delivers a litter of seven kittens in the guest-room bed. These are duly adopted and cared for until Labor Day rolls around. At this

identification is positive, leavers usually are leaving at 65 to 70 miles an hour and make a difficult target. Besides, people are permanently out of season in most resort and wildlife areas.

If the cuddly little kittens they have abandoned remained cuddly little kittens the whole problem might not arise. Alas, they do not, nor do they become wan and weak and harmless. In no time at all their fur grows long and shaggy, they attain enormous size (I saw one which measured over three feet in length) and they develop uncanny hunting ability. A single cat will kill an average of 100 songbirds in a year. Some wildlife officials have estimated that these feline felons account for better than 50% of the small game that is destroyed annually, more than the total of all the foxes and skunks and bobcats and weasels—yes, and human hunters—



point these sarabine cat lovers decide they can't take eight cats back to a city apartment; so they board up the cottage, lock the door and drive off hurriedly before the children notice their erstwhile pets huddled on the back porch, left behind to shift for themselves.

What that family has done, however unwittingly, is as criminally careless as tossing a cigarette out of the car in a parched pine woods. They have loosed eight of the most dangerous predators in America—predators that must be eradicated. This statement, while incontrovertible, suggests a different remedy to dedicated cat people.

"Why," they sometimes ask our esteemed Head Leaver, "don't you shoot the people who abandon the cats?" This is a meastrious question. As the judge points out, most of the time it is impossible to distinguish cat leavers from cat lovers. Even if

combined. As New Hampshire's fish and game commissioner, Ralph Carpenter, puts it: "The house cat, left to its own devices, raises havoc with all forms of wildlife, particularly around summer resort areas which are usually located in our best wildlife preserves."

There's no telling how many cats roam wild in this country today, though my guess would be well up in the millions, but so severe is their toll that in many states the local game protectors shoot them on sight. Conservation-minded sportsmen, like the members of the Love the Little Kitties Association, pitch in to help the good cause. Last winter our Head Leaver, the judge, joined a group of Maine wardens who were cleaning out some feline predators around a deserted summer colony on Sebago Lake. It was tricky shooting, he reported, because the fleeing quarry would duck between two cottages in

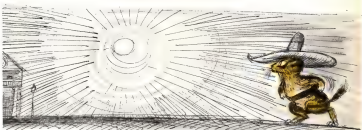
the line of fire or hide behind an aluminum canoe on a pair of sawhorses. The results were nine cats, two picture windows, part of a slate roof and one dead aridships on the canoe.

There are no rules or bylaws in our organization to handicap the members in their efforts. Sawed-off shotguns are useful for the shorter distances, and a burlap bag weighted with stones is favored for treacherous cats that try to mislead LLKA members by jumping into their laps. (The Mau Mau technique of strangling or hanging cats never has caught on.)

A few of our members, as is their individual right, eschew the burlap bag on the grounds that it lacks sporting zest. A distinguished college professor, for instance, recently developed an ingenious procedure for lengthening the odds. The professor took

one of whom had just got off the noon train. When the cat is convinced that it is the fastest draw in the West (or East), it is rigged up in a little cowboy outfit, with two toy pistols in imitation-leather holsters at either side. Thus equipped, it swaggers confidently down the street to face the judge and three other LLKA members, each with his .38 slung low in readiness. The cat reaches for his little tin pistols, pulls them from their holsters, and the scene ends with the judge and the other members arguing over which of the four fired first.

Cat people may argue (cat people always argue) that I am prejudiced against the feline species. I'll admit frankly that my enthusiasm knows bounds. In fact, my attitude resembles that of my friend, the late W. C. Fields, who used to claim that he really had nothing against children. "Of course I like



two English walsuts, split them, and glued the four halves securely to the bottom of the cat's feet. He tossed the cat onto a frozen lake and, as it skidded and slid across the ice, zigzagging erratically, tried to line up on it with a .32 automatic. The experiment ended when the professor fell through the ice. The cat was seen (and missed again) a few weeks later, skating brilliantly in the moonlight.

It remained for our Head Lovace to picture the ultimate wish dream, the most dramatic means yet devised for permitting the feral feline to participate heroically in his own demise. Under the judge's plan, the cat is taken several times to see Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. Eventually, the cat becomes thoroughly imbued with the idea of this classic western movie and begins to picture itself as the retiring town marshal, walking alone down the main street of the little town to face four hardened gunmen,

tots," he insisted. "If they're well cooked." Well, I feel the same about cats, except that I don't like them cooked. I like them locked up securely indoors, unable to forage at will for fledgling quail or baby rabbits. Dogs have to be licensed by law. Well, then, why not a law to license all house cats?

The trouble is that cat people refuse to believe anything evil about their pets. You can make uncomplimentary remarks about a lady's hat, or her children, or even her virtue, but you can't criticize her tabby. For some reason I've never understood, people who own cats achieve a deep affinity, a sort of psychological identification with their feline companions. Not only do they think alike, they get to look alike. I confess that I am baffled by this fanatic attachment. The owners themselves admit that the cat takes their attentions for granted, that it is

continued

indifferent and aloof and supremely selfish. Put a cat where it wishes to be left alone and its purring changes to a throaty growl, its paw lashes out in a sudden lethal sweep. No matter how domesticated it may seem, the primitive urge stirs with the rising moon, and it leaves a friendly hearth to go out and prowls the dark alleys in search of a jungle mate.

It's not that I object to people owning cats, but I wish they'd keep them at a safe distance when I come to call. Cats are perverse by nature, and invariably make for someone with a phobia against them and try to leap into his lap. Let me enter a roomful of guests, and the feral kitty will ignore everyone else and start rubbing against my pants leg. I have developed a sideways motion with my foot, something like dribbling the ball in soccer, which I can execute deftly while maintaining an animated conversation with my hostess. On occasion I have skidded a cat 10 feet across a polished hardwood floor and scored a perfect goal in a nest of side tables.

Ah, me. I can see the letters pouring in when this article appears. Outraged catites will denounce the L.L.K.A. as a group of sadistic butchers, and bombard me with arguments and epithets. Perhaps I can save everybody the trouble of writing if I answer my correspondence in advance:

Dear Mr. Bird: Why should my little pussy bother about birds when she can catch mice? (signed) Cat Lover.

Dear Cat Lover: Why should your pussy stick to mice when she can step outside and knock off a nestful of robins? If you don't think a cat bothers birds, watch them flying in frightened circles whenever your cat is around. My suggestion is to buy a mousetrap.



Dear Mr. Ford: If a sportsman hunts game, what right has he got to blame a cat for doing the same thing? (signed) Owner of Five.

Dear Owner of Five: A sportsman doesn't hunt all year round, or kill songbirds, or destroy eggs. His bag limit is regulated by conservation laws, which allow him to crop only the surplus, thus pro-

venting overpopulation. What's more, a good sportsman helps to restore the natural balance in a shooting ground by planting seed patches, and protecting nesting areas, and controlling predators such as, for example, cats.

Dear Mr. Ford: All I've got to say is that you're a low-down no-good despicable horrid unspeakable, etc. (signed) Name Withheld.

Dear Nanne Wichbold:
The same to your cat.

Well, that ought to take care of the mail, but even if it doesn't, there's no use sending me any more letters. Address your complaints to the editors of *Secrets Illustrated*, or stand under the window and pelt them with rocks. Their offices are on the 24th floor, and if you can't throw a cat,

On the other hand, if you want to aid the cause of wildlife conservation, you are welcome to join the Love the Little Kitties Association. Come to one of our meetings, and blend your voice with ours as we render our official ballad, which used to be sung with great vigor in New England years ago at a foregoes' barn dances on Saturday night:

"Tomcat sittin'
on a bob wire fence,
Yow cat sittin' on
the ground.
Tomcat grabs the
yaw out

An' they go round
an' re-ound an' re-
a-o-o-ound. . . ."

Then grab your weapon, climb into the waiting jeep and accompany us as we set forth on a tiger hunt, our motives noble, our consciences pure. **END**





PORSCHE



OR PONTIAC

Only Sunoco custom-blends 6 fuels to fit
the power needs of every kind of car
...every kind of driving!

***Fuel**power to fit your car's horsepower!*



6 BLEND
8 PROCS
ONE
MINUTE
FILL

"SIM, ESTAMOS INTERESSADOS...LIMOS SEUS ANUNCIOS EM TIME."



If you represented a U.S. firm in South America, you'd give a pretty good account of yourself if you kept getting openings like this from your better prospects: "*Sim, estamos interessados—desde ter visto os avisos da sua companhia em TIME.*" (Sure we're interested. Have been ever since we saw your company's ads in **TIME**.) To find out how you can put the International Editions of **TIME** to work for you in any of the world's markets—call your **TIME** International sales representative soon.

TIME's Latin America Edition. Published in English, the business language of the world, to reach decision-makers throughout Latin America. It consists of the editorial content of the U.S. Edition plus additional Latin American news and advertising directed to its special audience. **TIME Latin America** is printed in Havana and air-speeded to major cities for delivery to readers the same day as **TIME** in the U.S. Latest ABC circulation: 37,264 (its weekly average ending December 31, 1960). Ask for a copy of the latest Audience Survey on this edition. Five world-ranging editions to reach your prime markets: **TIME Latin America** • **TIME Atlantic** • **TIME Pacific** • **TIME Canada** • **TIME U.S.**



BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Acting like the Bombers of old (13 home runs), the New York Yankees *overpowered* and won four games from the Indians and one from the Tigers in 44 hours to creep away from the pack. The undisciplined **Chicago White Sox** fought hard to stay with the Yankees. The hot bat of Roy Brown, who took league batting lead (.324) from teammate Al Smith, and the emergence of Lefty Frank Baumann as a dependable starter have them convinced they can win the pennant if the Yanks falter in September. **Knott's** Ben Hansen, 35, was home boosted by **Chicago** Orioles' writers as Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player, the latter if Baltimore wins the pennant. No less an authority than Ted Williams thinks they can still do it. "September is a pitcher's month," said Ted, "and that is why I like Baltimore." Enjoying their new status as first division dwellers, the exciting four-place **Washington Senators** have nearly won more games than they did all last season. Harmon Killebrew escaped from grandstand-jer. "Keep Shagging, Killew," with his 15th August home run. Lefty hitting for old hand Jim Lemon and now back Lenny Green, who came from Baltimore, rebounded on the Senator attack. The **Cleveland Indians** suffered injuries (Harvey Kuenn hurt his ankle, Gary Bell aggravated a shoulder) and embarrassment (five straight losses). Manager Dykes, more in forecast than in jest, cracked: "I may be the first manager in baseball to go twice in the same year." The world of sugar and spice, built on a seven-game winning streak, disintegrated for the De-

roit **Tigers** as they returned to form: four straight defeats. The tobogganing **Boston Red Sox** were losing games but making money. The Sox expected to reach the million mark in home attendance in a week. Ted Williams injured his shoulder and is out indefinitely. The talk now is next year and infielder Carl Yastrzemski, who was something of a hero in spring camp and is currently hitting .124 at Minneapolis. The **Kansas City Athletics** are good-looking, losing Ray Herbert one case in relief and an eight-hit win over the Orioles, little else.

Standings: NY 13-41, Bal 11-51, Cle 7-51, A's 6-52, Chi 10-52, Det 10-52, KC 10-52, LA 7-51.

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Scored in Production
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Yankees, NY (230)	100	41	141
Senators, KC (202)	81	41	122
Indians, Cle (185)	71	40	111
Tigers, Det (170)	70	37	107
White Sox, Chi (150)	70	34	104
Red Sox, Bos (131)	71	31	102
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Reds, Cin (147)	80	50	130
Pirates, Pitt (144)	80	44	124
Braves, Atl (138)	80	40	120
Phillies, Phi (135)	80	51	131
Cubs, Chi (134)	80	48	128
Giants, NY (129)	70	54	124

*Includes runs produced on hits, runs, errors.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

For the first time since early May, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** lost four games in a row, stalling, but not yet denuclearing the pennant express. The city's Chamber of Commerce sold Best Men Bud Kins for \$1, and the Pirates drew further action from a statistic: only 36 games to go. With fine pitching by Joey Jay and Warren Spahn, the **Midwestern Braves** rebounded, counted on the nine remaining games with the Pirates for their real chance. Spahn, true to a pitcher's tradition, ignored his pitching, gulped over his 25th career homer: "It was about time I hit something; I've had a lousy year at the plate." The St. Louis **Cardinals**, left for dead three weeks ago, showed new signs of life. Walt Moryn hit 400 at home, Ernie Broglio threw a snappy four-hitter, and Stan Musial, best of all, won two games with homers. Frank Howard of the **Los Angeles Dodgers** beat the Braves with two homers, prompting Charley Dressen to crack: "We make him look like Babe Ruth, and he's not that good—yet." The march of the season was running out for the Dodgers, how-



BOYER BROTHERS. Cards' Ken, NY's Chris, sparked team drives. Ken reached #1 RBI, Chris kn' well as lead-off man.

ever, and one writer gave the team a new magic number: 1951. The San Francisco **Giants** adopted a sure-fire system for finishing fifth: lose one, win one. While Mays hit three home runs but was still 20 points behind Norm Larker in the batting race. The modest Dodger, perhaps getting the best on Mays, conceded defeat. "Mays is the best hitter in the league, who shouldn't be out of it?" Norm said. Pagano's Billy Martin of the **Cleveland Indians** wasn't frustrated to work in Chicago's Wrigley Field when told "Kill Martin," but he was taken aback by a million-dollar man instituted by the Cubs and Pitcher Jim Brewer, whom Martin dragged. Martin's teammates, who chipped in to pay off a recent fine, figured it would cost them \$34,666 a man if the value were lost. The **Chicago Cubs** skidded near the bottom but were rebounding from the pit by Ernie Banks's 190th RBI and the extra-base shugging of Rookie Ben Sartin. Frank Lane, on jittery grounds with the Indians, was asked if he would like to work for the Cubs. Said ubiquitous Frankie: "I'm too progressive for Phil Wrigley. You can't run a ball club like a gun factory." Playing like the Indians they are, the **Philadelphia Phillies** lost a game when they botched a run-down play, struggled through a hitless series with the Cubs.

Standings: Phi 17-41, NY 10-52, St 10-52, LA 10-52, SF 10-52, Cle 10-52, Atl 9-51, Pitt 9-51.

LEADING ROOKIES: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE	BB	HR	RBI	BA
Carroll, Bal	305	11	41	.293
Gooding, Bal	417	2	21	.279
De la Huerta, Cle	114	3	17	.268
Hansen, Bal	490	11	33	.260
Morales, Bal	382	1	19	.240
Ostelt, Wash	216	8	21	.233

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Harmon, Phi	412	11	42	.288
Cabrera, Bal	136	4	35	.287
Ortiz, LA	222	6	30	.282
Howard, LA	388	10	42	.281
Curtis, Phi	296	9	31	.272
Waters, Phi	388	8	37	.264
Gooding, Bal	250	7	28	.260
Smith, Cle	274	9	38	.259
Cotton, Cle	142	8	17	.248
Jones, St	248	4	19	.237

LEADING ROOKIES: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE	IP	B	E	ERA
Spahn, Atl	145	9	4	2.08
Spahn, Bal	88	2	5	2.04
Gooding, Bal	154	14	8	2.07
Kins, Wash	94	5	2	2.04
Lee, Wash	125	6	4	2.11
Tighe, Cle	115	3	8	2.08
Waters, Bal	41	2	2	2.09
Johnson, KC	95	3	7	2.03

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Harmon, Phi	20	4	0	2.34
Morales, Bal	41	2	0	2.57
Gooding, Bal	114	6	10	2.57
F. Green, Bal	99	6	4	2.66
Harmon, Bal	111	1	2	1.87
Curtis, Bal	88	4	2	2.07
Spahn, Bal	81	5	9	4.25
C. Green, Phi	40	2	6	4.00

Based on statistics through September 1, 1951.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CONTINENTAL'S LAST CALL

Sir:

I want to thank you for the very kindly manner in which you and your entire staff have treated Continental League endeavors to expand major league baseball. You have been more than cooperative and very constructive in anything we in our attempt to explain to the public the necessity of expansion. Your staff must also have felt a deep satisfaction knowing it had been extremely helpful in the expansion of baseball for the first time in over 40 years.

Mr. Ricker and I do not agree with you as to the best method of expansion (EDITORIAL, Aug. 11, and in the present plan (SCHWIMMER, Aug. 15) strictly in accordance with our thinking. However, there are always two sides to be considered, and inasmuch as the major leagues, as represented at our meeting in Chicago, believed their method was the best to continue the high caliber of major league ball, our owners have acquiesced and our opinion has become academic.

Since the major leagues are in control of the players and have the means of making a distribution of players which would solve the player difficulty, we feel it can all work out for the best.

WILLIAM A. SOKA

New York City

ON AGAIN, CHAMBERLAIN:

Sir:

I beg to commend you on your EDITORIAL concerning Wilt Chamberlain (Aug. 22). Certainly, big league sports does not want favoritism of any type or for any reason. Just let the best man win.

MELVIN E. BECK

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I cannot see why every Negro, whether of little or no prominence at all, seems to feel that he must forever carry the race problem on his back. As a well-known comic-strip character says, "I yurn what I yurn, and tha's all I yurn!" To expect every Negro to be constantly a racial symbol is too much to expect of any individual. It is an unbearable burden, and many a Negro is caught in a web of frustration because of trying to be such a symbol.

I am hoping that Chamberlain, the Negro ballplayer, and Negroes in general will get away from this habit of seeing everything in terms of race, for actually it is the mark of a feeling of inferiority which we have so need to feel. I also wish that other well-meaning people, such as yourselves, would let each one of us stand or fall through his own merits and forget about his race and the effects thereof.

SPENCER L. GUTTMAN

Worcester, Mass.

CONDITIONS ARE FAVORABLE

Sir:

They Fly Through the Air by Roy Terrell with A. Y. Owen's photographs (Aug. 22) is most timely, and excellently done.

Particularly commendable, I think, is Terrell's description of soaring flight. He is very correct, both technically and esthetically. I would suspect that he is an aviator in his own right. Otherwise, he would not have been so knowledgeable.

ERWIN J. RUSSELL

Past President,

Soaring Society of America

Dallas

Associate Editor Roy Terrell, a Marine Corps pilot during World War II, has a total of 3,000 hours of military and civilian flying, including



TERRELL IN COUSAN JET IN 1944

some 50 hours in jets, but this was his first time in a sailplane. Terrell's comment: "It was great. But I kept reaching for the throttle."—ED.

Sir:

Congratulations on the excellent soaring article. With so little written about this most fascinating sport, far be it from me to criticize. However, coming from Elmsira, "the soaring capital of America," I feel that the statement, "At Elmsira, N.Y., where soaring conditions are not so favorable as in California or Texas," may be misunderstood.

Conditions in Elmsira, and generally in the eastern part of the country, are entirely adequate for soaring, and many outstanding and record flights have been made from Elmsira. We are frank to admit that at certain times in the West and Southwest conditions are stronger.

I feel that soaring in the East, over-all, is more satisfying and that soaring sites like Elmsira provide for much more con-

positive meets where the pilot factor tends to be more important than the sailplane.

PAUL A. SCHWIMMER

Vice-President, Schweizer

Aircraft Corp.

Elmsira, N.Y.

ON DANNY! ON CASEY!

Sir:

Be Danny as Casey (Aug. 22): the Pirates win good like real champions should. That flag will fly high in beautiful Forbes Field despite any Stonglows to the contrary!

PAUL E. WALTROVER

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir:

As traumatic events in history have influenced peoples' political choices, so past Yankee domination in baseball has influenced present-day voting for the 1960 American League pennant.

However, there has been a definite change in the American League. Yankee confidence is no longer the only ingredient in the kettle; White Sox power, defensive play and speed, coupled with young Orville pitching and clutch hitting, have made the soup much more pungent and spicy. When the kettle finally blows its lid and emits the steam from within, maybe it will be the Yankees ingredient that will lose its savor.

JOHN H. LEOPOLD

State College, Pa.

BARBARA VS. BRINIS

Sir:

Such an attractive, dimpled Barbara McIntire on the cover of your August 22 issue. But let's face it: the pages inside that count, of course. The Corfu island coverage (A Fly Aloft from Corfu, Aug. 22) would be in better taste if it eliminated some of the bikini-clad damsels.

Mrs. ROBERT T. BYRON

Philadelphia

CRAWSLATER'S COMPLEX

Sir:

Barbara Hellman's beautifully written article (The Crawlsinger, Aug. 22) has solved an inferiority complex residing from a passion for crawling that I learned to share with no one except a younger brother. Occasional bursts of sentiment on behalf of crawling brought either rebuke or sympathy. You've brought dignity to our sport, made it noble. I now feel fortified—and normal. The Crawlsinger should serve as a fitting prospectus for some sort of association of crawlsingers. Aside from promoting our sporting interest, we would share the fellowship with what I think would be the smart people you'd ever want to know.

JIM VAN BUREN

Atlanta

BE ON THE SPOT



With a pair of binoculars on hand you can always be on the spot of an important or interesting happening ... from a distance. When you go boating, hunting, or when at the races — enjoy your pastime more ... with binoculars.

JAPAN BINOCULARS EXPORT PROMOTION ASSN.



the nicest things happen to people who carry

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Write First National City Bank, New York

TAILORING SALESMAN

To sell stylish made-to-measure clothes for men and women. Commission, bonus, full or part time. We furnish beautiful sample line of women's purchases. Over 400 designs fabrics. Labeled Tailors. America's best known tailoring line, successful over 40 years. Give full details, address, experience and salary. **GREY WESTERN TAILORING CO.**, Dept. 35, 344 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 5, Illinois.



The flavor lasts longer...

BOND STREET
Pen and Pencil



LIPS SORE?

Blistex PREVENTS 39¢
COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTER



the nicest things happen to people who carry

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Write First National City Bank, New York

PAT ON THE BACK



THE JENSEN SISTERS

'Mother gave me an old rifle'

Blonde, ponytailed Lenore Jensen, 19 (right), was the carver's Homecoming Queen at Central Michigan University last fall. Last month she was the straight-shooting women's national small-bore rifle champion at Camp Perry, Ohio—winning the title for the second consecutive year. Her 15-year-old sister Marianna finished a single point behind her in women's regular competition, settled for the national junior title. "My mother gave me an old rifle when I was 12,"

Lenore says, explaining how such a lively girl became such a dead shot. "It was two years before I was big enough to hold it."

There is little doubt now that the Jensen sisters are capable of holding a rifle. Last July they teamed up with their mother and a high school friend, took on all comers to capture the Michigan state rifle championship. Their defeated male rivals could only moan and groan: "The entry blank said that it was for four-man teams."



How
to be
mistaken
for a pro:

Don't let
anyone
watch
you swing,
and wear
a Jantzen



"Ken Venturi" golf sweater

Of course, this is the coward's way out; most golfers who wear their Jantzen sweaters step right up to the tee, oblivious of the gallery, and swing away for all to see.

The "Ken Venturi" sweater shown here is half and half alpaca and wool, a soft but rugged new blend, with a subtle cable trim that is in the Jantzen tradition of correct fashion. It is

tailored with extra room in the shoulders for a free and easy swing.

The cardigan is \$18.95; the pull-over, in the same yarn, is \$15.95.

The sweater colors coordinate with the golf shirts, as Jantzen always does it; we would like to help coordinate your golf swing as well. Ask for your free copy of "Let's analyze your golf swing" by Ken at your pro shop

or men's sweater counter; if you can't locate one, write Mr. Frank Gifford, official golf handicap umpire of the Jantzen International Sports Club.

Jantzen Inc., Portland, Oreg.

Jantzen

sportswear for sportsmen



Like KEN VENTURI is the golf sweater, FRANK GIFFORD is a classic mail bag, WARREN MILLER is a bulby, and BOB PALMER is the apple tree, at Cypress Point, a few days before Ken would be Caddy Club. Photos by TOM KELLEY.



'TAVERN' TIME...in the Kentucky Tradition

with America's very best
Premium Bourbon

**OLD
KENTUCKY
TAVERN**

86 PROOF & 106 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
GEORGE BOTTLED COMPANY
"Others Portion of Product is Twisted"
LINTHROP, KENTUCKY © 1988

Almost twice the age of most
other Premium Bourbons.

With lightness never
before achieved in
an aged bourbon—due
to a unique sub-zero
chill-filtering process.

